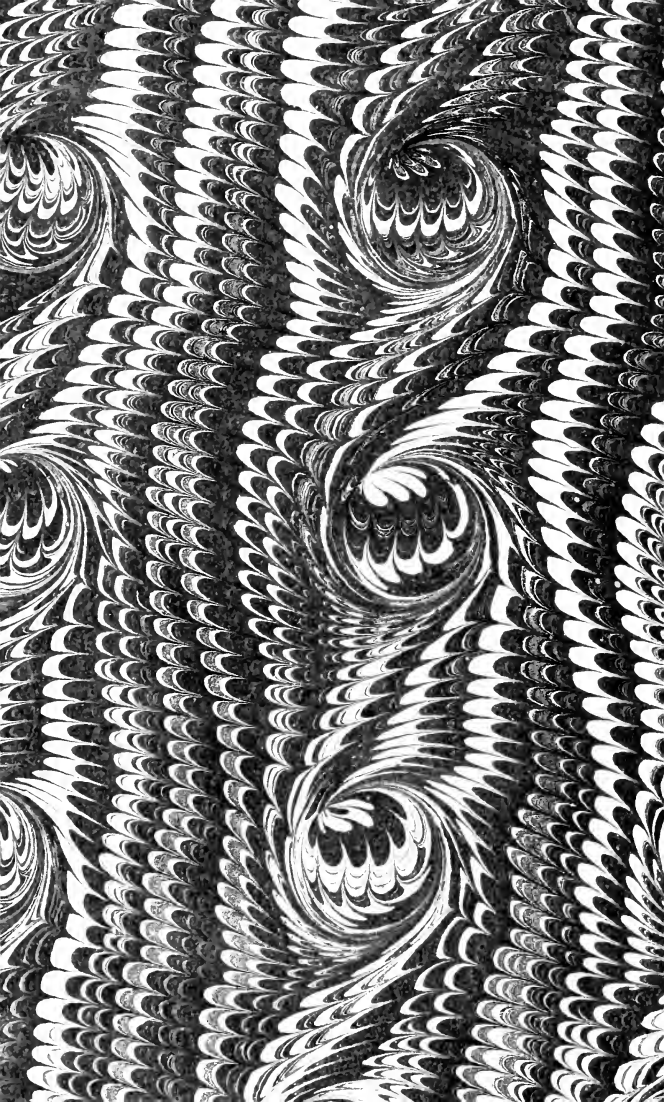

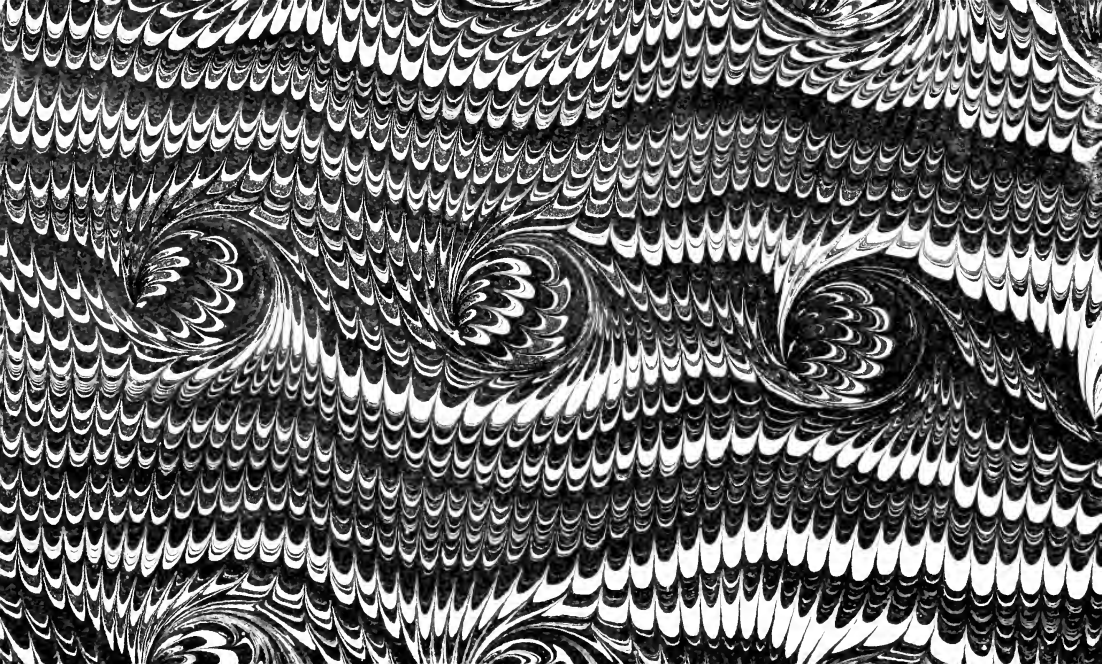

Oss. 230.

FAC ET SPERA
THAS·GEN·ARIR

HOURS

OF

IDLENESS.

HOURS OF IDLENESS,

A

SERIES OF POEMS,

ORIGINAL

AND

TRANSLATED,

By GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON,

A MINOR.

Μητ' αρ με μαλ' αινεε μητε τι νεικει.

HOMER. Iliad, 10.

Virginibus puerisque Canto.

HORACE.

He whistled as he went for want of thought.

DRYDEN.

Newark:

Printed and sold by S. and J. RIDGE;

SOLD ALSO BY B. CROSBY AND CO. STATIONER'S COURT; LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER-ROW; F. AND C. RIVINGTON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD; AND J. MAWMAN, IN THE POULTRY, LONDON.

1807.

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PREFACE.

IN submitting to the public eye the following collection, I have not only to combat the difficulties that writers of verse generally encounter, but, may incur the charge of presumption, for obtruding myself on the world, when, without doubt, I might be, at my age, more usefully employed. These productions are the fruits of the lighter hours of a young man, who has lately completed his nineteenth year. As they bear the internal evidence of a boyish mind, this is, perhaps, unnecessary information. Some few were written during the disadvantages of illness, and depression of spirits; under the former influence, "CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS," in particular, were composed. This consideration, though it cannot excite the

voice of Praise, may at least arrest the arm of censure. A considerable portion of these poems has been privately printed, at the request, and for the perusal of my friends. I am sensible that the partial, and, frequently, injudicious admiration of a social circle, is not the criterion by which poetical genius is to be estimated, yet, "to do greatly;" we must "dare greatly;" and I have hazarded my reputation and feelings in publishing this volume. "I have pass'd the Rubicon," and must stand or fall by the "cast of the die." In the latter event, I shall submit without a murmur, for, though not without solicitude for the fate of these effusions, my expectations are by no means sanguine. It is probable that I may have dared much, and done little; for, in the words of COWPER, "It is one thing to "write what may please our friends, who, because "they are such, are apt to be a little biass'd in our "favour, and another, to write what may please "every body, because they who have no connec-"tion, or even knowledge of the author, will be sure "to find fault if they can." To the truth of this, how-

ever, I do not wholly subscribe, on the contrary, I feel convinced, that these trifles will not be treated with injustice. Their merit, if they possess any, will be liberally allowed; their numerous faults, on the other hand, cannot expect that favour, which has been denied to others, of maturer years, decided character, and far greater ability. I have not aimed at exclusive originality, still less have I studied any particular model for imitation; some translations are given, of which many are paraphrastic. In the original pieces, there may appear a casual coincidence with authors, whose works I have been accustomed to read, but I have not been guilty of intentional plagiarism. To produce any thing entirely new, in an age so fertile in rhyme, would be a Herculean task, as every subject has already been treated to its utmost extent.—Poetry, however, is not my primary vocation; to divert the dull moments of indisposition, or the monotony of a vacant hour, urged me "to this sin;" little can be expected from so unpromising a muse. My wreath, scanty as it must be, is all I

shall derive from these productions; and I shall never attempt to replace its fading leaves, or pluck a single additional sprig from groves, where I am, at best, an intruder. Though accustomed, in my younger days, to rove a careless mountaineer on the Highlands of Scotland, I have not, of late years, had the benefit of such pure air, or so elevated a residence, as might enable me to enter the lists with genuine bards, who have enjoyed both these advantages. But they derive considerable fame, and a few, not less profit, from their productions, while I shall expiate my rashness, as an interloper, certainly without the latter, and in all probability, with a very slight share of the former. I leave to others "Virûm volitare per ora." I look to the few who will hear with patience "dulce est desipere in loco."—To the former worthies, I resign, without repining, the hope of immortality, and content myself with the not very magnificent prospect, of ranking "amongst the "mob of gentlemen who write," my readers must determine, whether I dare say "with ease,"

or the honour of a posthumous page in "The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," a work to which the Peerage is under infinite obligations, inasmuch as many names of considerable length, sound, and antiquity, are thereby rescued from the obscurity, which unluckily overshadows several voluminous productions of their illustrious bearers.

With slight hopes, and some fears, I publish this first, and last attempt. To the dictates of young ambition, may be ascribed many actions more criminal, and equally absurd. To a few of my own age, the contents may afford amusement, I trust, they will, at least, be found harmless. It is highly improbable, from my situation, and pursuits hereafter, that I should ever obtrude myself a second time on the Public; nor even, in the very doubtful event of present indulgence, shall I be tempted to commit a future trespass of the same nature. The opinion of Dr. JOHNSON on the Poems of a noble relation of mine,* "That when

* The Earl of Carlisle, whose works have long received the

"a man of rank appeared in the character of an "author, his merit should be handsomely ac- "knowledged," can have little weight with verbal, and still less with periodical censors, but were it otherwise, I should be loth to avail myself of the privilege, and would rather incur the bitterest censure of anonymous criticism, than triumph in honours granted solely to a title.

---

meed of public applause; to which, by their intrinsic worth, they were well entitled.

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ERRATA.

PAGE 2 line 3 for "ev'y" read "every."

23 line 4 for "ef" read "of."

48 line 5 for "when" read "while"

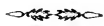
61 line 1 for "erowds" read "crowds"

84 line 9 for "joylous" read "joyless"

86 line 9 for "lovlier" read "lovelier"

103 Note--- last line, for "nor" read "non."

POEMS.



ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

Why dost thou build the hall, Son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy tower to-day, yet a few years, and the blast of the desart comes, it howls in thy empty court. OSSIAN.

THRO' thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle;
Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay;
In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock and thistle
Have choak'd up the rose, which late bloom'd in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who proudly to battle,
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with ev'y blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast, for the war-laurell'd wreath:
Near Askalon's towers, John of Horiston* slumbers,
Unnerv'd is the hand of his minstrel, by death.

Paul and Hubert too sleep, in the valley of Cressy,
For the safety of Edward and England they fell;
My fathers! the tears of your country redress you;
How you fought! how you died! still her annals can tell.

On Marston, † with Rupert, ‡ 'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers enrich'd, with their blood, the bleak field;

---

* Horiston Castle, in Derbyshire, an ancient seat of the Byron family.

† The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

‡ Son of the Elector Palatine, and related to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet, in the reign of Charles II.

For the rights of a monarch, their country defending,
Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing
From the seat of his ancestors, bids you, adieu!
Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting
New courage, he'll think upon glory, and you.

Though a tear dim his eye, at this sad separation,
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret;
Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish,
He vows, that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;
Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd may he mingle his dust with your own.

1803.

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF THE VILLAGE AND SCHOOL, OF HARROW, ON THE HILL.

Oh! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos.

YE scenes of my childhood, whose lov'd recollection,
Embitters the present, compar'd with the past;
Where science first dawn'd on the powers of reflection,
And friendships were form'd, too romantic to last.

2.

Where fancy, yet, joys to retrace the resemblance,
Of comrades, in friendship and mischief allied;
How welcome to me, your ne'er fading remembrance,
Which rests in the bosom, though hope is deny'd.

3.

Again I revisit the hills where we sported,
The streams, where we swam, and the fields, where
where we fought;
The school, where loud warn'd, by the bell, we resorted,
To pore o'er the precepts by Pedagogues taught.

4.

Again I behold, where for hours I have ponder'd,
As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone I lay;
Or round the steep brow of the churchyard I wander'd,
To catch the last gleam of the sun's setting ray.

5.

I once more view the room, with spectators surrounded,
Where, as Zanga, I trod on Alonzo o'erthrown;
While, to swell my young pride, such applauses resounded,
I fancied that Mossop* himself was outshone.

* Mossop, a cotemporary of Garrick, famous for his performance of Zanga, in Young's tragedy of the Revenge.

6.

Or, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep imprecation,
By my daughters, of kingdom and reason depriv'd;
Till, fir'd by loud plaudits, and self adulation,
I regarded myself, as a Garrick reviv'd.

7.

Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I regret you,
Unfaded your memory dwells in my breast;
Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can forget you,
Your pleasures may still be, in fancy, possest.

8.

To Ida, full oft may remembrance restore me,
While Fate shall the shades of the future unroll,
Since Darkness o'ershadows the prospect before me,
More dear is the beam of the past to my soul.

9.

But, if through the course of the years which await me,
Some new scene of pleasure should open to view,
I will say, while with rapture the thought shall elate me,
"Oh! such were the days, which my infancy knew.

1806.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

Αστηρ πριν μεν ελαμπεν εν ζωοισιν ἑωος.

LAERTIUS.

OH! Friend! for ever lov'd, for ever dear!
What fruitless tears have bath'd thy honour'd bier!
What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
While thou wast struggling in the pangs of death!
Could tears retard the tyrant in his course;
Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force;
Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey;
Thou still had'st lived, to bless my aching sight,
Thy comrade's honour, and thy friend's delight;
If, yet, thy gentle spirit hover nigh
The spot, where now thy mould'ring ashes lie,

Here, wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
But living statues, there, are seen to weep;
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy tomb,
Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
What though thy sire lament his failing line,
A father's sorrows cannot equal mine!
Though none, like thee, his dying hour will cheer,
Yet other offspring soothe his anguish here:
But, who with me shall hold thy former place?
Thine image, what new friendship can efface?
Ah! none! a father's tears will cease to flow,
Time will assuage an infant brother's woe;
To all, save one, is consolation known,
While solitary Friendship sighs alone.

1803.

A FRAGMENT.

WHEN, to their airy hall, my fathers' voice,
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice;
When, pois'd upon the gale, my form shall ride,
Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's side;
Oh! may my shade behold no sculptur'd urns,
To mark the spot, where earth to earth returns:
No lengthen'd scroll of virtue and renown;
My epitaph shall be, my name alone:
If that with honour fail to crown my clay,
Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay;
That, only that, shall single out the spot,
By that remember'd, or with that forgot.

1803.

THE TEAR.

O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.
GRAY.

WHEN Friendship or Love
Our sympathies move;
When Truth, in a glance, should appear,
The lips may beguile,
With a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection's a Tear.

2.

Too oft is a smile
But the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation, or fear;
Give me the soft sigh,
Whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimm'd, for a time, with a Tear.

3.

Mild Charity's glow,
To us mortals below,
Shews the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt,
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffus'd in a Tear.

4.

The man doom'd to sail,
With the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave,
Which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

5.

The Soldier braves death,
For a fanciful wreath,
In Glory's romantic career;
But he raises the foe,
When in battle laid low,
And bathes ev'ry wound with a Tear.

6.

If, with high-bounding pride,
He return to his bride,
Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear;
All his toils are repaid,
When, embracing the maid,
From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.

7.

Sweet scene of my youth,
Seat of Friendship and Truth,
Where Love chas'd each fast-fleeting year;
Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd,
For a last look I turn'd,
But thy spire was scarce seen through a Tear.

8.

Though my vows I can pour,
To my Mary no more,
My Mary, to Love once so dear;
In the shade of her bow'r,
I remember the hour,
She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

9.

By another possest,
May she live ever blest,
Her name still my heart must revere;
With a sigh I resign,
What I once thought was mine,
And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

10.

Ye friends of my heart,
Ere from you I depart,
This hope to my breast is most near;
If again we shall meet,
In this rural retreat,
May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

11.

When my soul wings her flight,
To the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on its bier;
As ye pass by the tomb,
Where my ashes consume,
Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.

12.

May no marble bestow
The splendour of woe,
Which the children of vanity rear;
No fiction of fame
Shall blazon my name,
All I ask, all I wish, is a Tear.

1806.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

DELIVERED PREVIOUS TO THE PERFORMANCE OF "THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE," AT A PRIVATE THEATRE.

SINCE, the refinement of this polish'd age
Has swept immoral raillery from the stage;
Since, taste has now expung'd licentious wit,
Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author writ;
Since, now, to please with purer scenes we seek,
Nor dear to call the blush from Beauty's cheek;
Oh! let the modest Muse some pity claim,
And meet indulgence, though she find not fame.
Still, not for her alone, we wish respect,
Others appear more conscious of defect;
To night, no Vet'ran Roscii you behold.
In all the arts of scenic action old;
No COOKE, no KEMBLE, can salute you here,
No SIDDONS draw the sympathetic tear;

To night, you throng to witness the debut,
Of embryo Actors, to the drama new;
Here, then, our almost unfledg'd wings we try;
Clip not our pinions, ere the birds can fly;
Failing in this our first attempt to soar,
Drooping, alas! we fall to rise no more.
Not one poor trembler, only, fear betrays,
Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet your praise,
But all our Dramatis Personæ wait,
In fond suspence, this crisis of their fate.
No venal views our progress can retard,
Your generous plaudits are our sole reward;
For these, each Hero all his power displays,
Each timid Heroine shrinks before your gaze:
Surely, the last will some protection find,
None, to the softer sex, can prove unkind;
Whilst Youth and Beauty form the female shield,
The sternest Censor to the fair must yield.
Yet, should our feeble efforts nought avail,
Should, after all, our best endeavours fail;
Still, let some mercy in your bosoms live,
And, if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

ON THE DEATH OF Mr. FOX,

THE FOLLOWING ILLIBERAL IMPROMPTU APPEARED

IN A

MORNING PAPER.

"OUR Nation's foes lament on Fox's death,
"But bless the hour, when PITT resign'd his breath;
"These feelings wide, let Sense and Truth unclue,
"We give the palm, where Justice points its due."

TO WHICH THE AUTHOR OF THESE PIECES, SENT THE FOLLOWING REPLY.

OH! factious viper! whose envenom'd tooth,
Would mangle still the dead, perverting truth;
What, tho' our "nation's foes" lament the fate,
With generous feeling, of the good and great;

Shall dastard tongues, essay to blast the name
Of him, whose meed exists in endless fame?
When PITT expir'd, in plenitude of power,
Though ill success obscur'd his dying hour,
Pity her dewy wings before him spread,
For noble spirits "war not with the dead,"
His friends, in tears, a last sad requiem gave,
As all his errors slumber'd in the grave;
He sunk, an Atlas bending 'neath the weight,
Of cares o'erwhelming our conflicting state;
When, lo! a Hercules, in Fox, appear'd,
Who, for a time, the ruin'd fabric rear'd;
He, too, is fall'n, who Britain's loss supplied,
With him, our fast reviving hopes have died
Not one great people, only, raise his urn,
All Europe's far extended regions mourn.
"These feelings wide, let Sense and Truth unclue,
"To give the palm, where Justice points it due;"
Yet, let not canker'd calumny assail,
Or round our statesman wind her gloomy veil.
Fox! o'er whose corse a mourning world must weep,
Whose dear remains in honour'd marble sleep,

For whom, at last, e'en hostile nations groan.
While friends and foes, alike, his talents own.
Fox! shall, in Britain's future annals, shine,
Nor e'en to PITT, the patriot's palm resign;
Which Envy, wearing Candour's sacred mask,
For PITT, and PITT alone, has dar'd to ask.

STANZAS TO A LADY, WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOENS.

THIS votive pledge of fond esteem,
Perhaps, dear girl! for me thou'lt prize;
It sings of love's enchanting dream,
A theme we never can despise.

2.

Who blames it, but the envious fool,
The old and disappointed maid?
Or pupil of the prudish school,
In single sorrow, doom'd to fade?

3.

Then read, dear girl, with feeling read,
For thou wilt ne'er be one of those;

To thee, in vain, I shall not plead,
In pity for the poet's woes.

1.

He was, in sooth, a genuine bard;
His was no faint fictitious flame;
Like his, may love be thy reward;
But not thy hapless fate the same.

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE.

Ἃ Βαρῶιτοσ δε χορδαῖς
Ἔρωτα μυνον ἠχεῖ.

ANACREON.

AWAY, with your fictions of flimsy romance,
Those tissues of falsehood which Folly has wove;
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,
Or the rapture, which dwells on the first kiss of love.

2.

Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with fantasy glow,
Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove;
From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,
Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love.

3.

If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,
Or the Nine be dispos'd from your service to rove,
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,
And try the effect, of the first kiss ef love.

4.

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art,
Tho' Prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove;
I court the effusions, that spring from the heart,
Which throbs, with delight, to the first kiss of love.

5.

Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastical themes.
Perhaps, may amuse, yet they never can move;
Arcadia displays but a region of dreams,
What are visions like these, to the first kiss of love?

6.

Oh! cease to affirm, that man, since his birth,
From Adam, till now, has with wretchedness strove;
Some portion of Paradise still is on earth,
And Eden revives, in the first kiss of love.

7.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past,
For years fleet away with the wings of the dove;
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial, the first kiss of love.

TO M.....

OH! did those eyes, instead of fire,
With bright, but mild affection shine;
Though they might kindle less desire,
Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

2.

For thou art form'd so heav'nly fair,
Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam,
We must admire, but still despair;
That fatal glance forbids esteem.

3.

When nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,
So much perfection in thee shone,
She fear'd, that, too divine for earth,
The skies might claim thee for their own.

4.

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,
Lest angels might dispute the prize,
She bade a secret light'ning lurk,
Within those once celestial eyes.

5.

These might the boldest sylph appal,
When gleaming with meridian blaze;
Thy beauty must enrapture all,
But, who can dare thine ardent gaze?

6.

'Tis said, that Berenice's hair,
In stars, adorns the vault of heaven;
But they would ne'er permit thee there,
Thou would'st so far outshine the seven.

7.

For, did those eyes as planets roll,
Thy sister lights would scarce appear;
E'en suns, which systems now controul,
Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.

1806.

TO WOMAN.

WOMAN, experience might have told me,
That all must love thee, who behold thee:
Surely, experience might have taught,
Thy firmest promises are naught;
But, plac'd in all thy charms before me,
All I forget, but to adore thee.
Oh Memory! thou choicest blessing,
When join'd with hope, when still possessing:
But how much curst by ev'ry lover,
When hope is fled, and passion's over.
Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are striplings to believe her;
How throbs the pulse, when first we view
The eye, that rolls in glossy blue;

Or sparkles black, or mildly throws
A beam from under hazel brows;
How quick we credit ev'ry oath,
And hear her plight the willing troth;
Fondly we hope, 'twill last for aye,
When, lo! she changes in a day:
This Record will for ever stand,
"Woman thy vows, are trac'd in sand."*

* The last line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.

TO M. S. G.

WHEN I dream that you love me, you'll surely forgive,
Extend not your anger to sleep;
For, in visions alone, your affection can live,
I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

2.

Then, Morpheus! envelope my faculties fast,
Shed o'er me your languor benign;
Should the dream of to-night, but resemble the last,
What rapture celestial is mine.

3.

They tell us, that slumber, the sister of death,
Mortality's emblem is given;
To fate how I long to resign my frail breath,
If this be a foretaste of Heaven.

4.

Ah! frown not, sweet lady, unbend your soft brow,
Nor deem me too happy in this;
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,
Thus doom'd, but to gaze upon bliss.

5.

Though in visions, sweet lady, perhaps you may smile,
Oh! think not my penance deficient:
When dreams of your presence, my slumbers beguile,
To awake, will be torture sufficient.

TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER.

SWEET girl! though only once we met,
That meeting I shall ne'er forget;
And though we ne'er may meet again,
Remembrance will thy form retain;
I would not say, "I love," but still,
My senses struggle with my will;
In vain, to drive thee from my breast,
My thoughts are more and more represt;
In vain, I check the rising sighs,
Another to the last replies:
Perhaps, this is not love, but yet,
Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

What, though we never silence broke,
Our eyes a sweeter language spoke;
The tongue in flattering falsehood deals,
And tells a tale, it never feels;

Deceit, the guilty lips impart,
And hush the mandates of the heart;
But soul's interpreters, the eyes,
Spurn such restraint, and scorn disguise.
As thus our glances oft convers'd,
And all our bosoms felt rehears'd;
No spirit, from within, reprov'd us,
Say rather, "'twas the spirit mov'd us."
Though, what they utter'd, I repress,
Yet, I conceive, thou'lt partly guess;
For, as on thee, my memory ponders,
Perchance, to me, thine also wanders.
This, for myself, at least, I'll say,
Thy form appears, through night, through day;
Awake, with it my fancy teems,
In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams;
The vision charms the hours away,
And bids me curse Aurora's ray;
For breaking slumbers of delight,
Which make me wish for endless night
Since, oh! whate'er my future fate,
Shall joy or woe my steps await;

Tempted by love, by storms beset,
Thine image, I can ne'er forget.

Alas! again, no more we meet,
No more our former looks repeat;
Then, let me breathe this parting prayer
The dictate of my bosom's care:
" May Heaven so guard my lovely quaker,
" That anguish never can o'ertake her;
" That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,
" But bliss be aye, her heart's partaker.
" Oh! may the happy mortal, fated
" To be, by dearest ties, related;
" For her, each hour, new joy dicover.
" And lose the husband, in the lover.
" May that fair bosom never know,
" What 'tis to feel the restless woe,
" Which stings the soul, with vain regret,
" Of him, who never can forget."

To———

OH! yes, I will own we were dear to each other,
The friendships of childhood, tho' fleeting, are true;
The Love which you felt, was the love of a brother,
Nor less the affection I cherish'd for you.

2.

But Friendship can vary her gentle dominion,
Th' attachment of years in a moment expires;
Like Love too, she moves on a swift-waving pinion,
But glows not, like Love, with unquenchable fires.

3.

Full oft have we wander'd through Ida together,
And blest were the scenes of our youth, I allow;
In the spring of our life, how serene is the weather,
But winter's rude tempests are gathering now.

4.

No more with Affection shall Memory blending
The wonted delights of our childhood retrace,
When pride steels the bosom, the heart is unbending,
And what would be Justice, appears a disgrace.

5.

However, dear S——, for I still must esteem you,
The few, whom I love, I can never upbraid,
The chance' which has lost, may in future redeem you,
Repentance will cancel the vow you have made.

6.

I will not complain, and tho' chill'd is affection,
With me no corroding resentment shall live;
My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection,
That both may be wrong, and that both should forgive.

7.

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
If danger demanded were wholly your own;
You knew me unalter'd, by years or by distance,
Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

8.

You knew,——but away with the vain retrospection,
The bond of affection no longer endures;
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours.

9.

For the present, we part,—I will hope not forever,
For time and regret will restore you at last;
To forget our dissension we both should endeavour,
I ask no atonement, but days like the past.

TO MARY, ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE.

THIS faint resemblance of thy charms,
Though strong as mortal art could give,
My constant heart of fear disarms,
Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

2.

Here, I can trace the locks of gold,
Which down thy snowy forehead wave;
The cheeks, which sprung from Beauty's mould,
The lips, which made me Beauty's slave.

3.

Here, I can trace——ah no! that eye,
Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
Must all the painter's art defy,
And bid him from the task retire.

4.

Here, I behold its beauteous hue,
  But where's the beam so sweetly straying?
Which gave a lustre to its blue,
  Like Luna o'er the ocean playing.

5.

Sweet copy! far more dear to me,
  Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,
Than all the living forms could be,
  Save her, who plac'd thee next my heart.

6.

She plac'd it, sad, with needless fear,
  Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
Unconscious, that her image there,
  Held every sense in fast controul.

7.

Thro' hours, thro' years, thro' time, 'twill cheer;
  My hope, in gloomy moments, raise;
In life's last conflict, 'twill appear,
  And meet my fond expiring gaze.

LOVE's LAST ADIEU!

Αει δ, αει με φευγει.

ANACREON.

THE roses of love, glad the garden of life,
Though nurtur'd 'mid weeds dropping pestilent dew,
Till Time crops the leaves, with unmerciful knife,
Or prunes them for ever, in love's last adieu!

2.

In vain, with endearments, we soothe the sad heart,
In vain, do we vow, for an age to be true;
The chance of an hour, may command us to part,
Or death disunite us, in love's last adieu!

3.

Still, Hope breathing peace, through the grief-swollen breast,
Will whisper, "our meeting we yet may renew;"
With this dream of deceit, half our sorrow's represt,
Nor taste we the poison, of love's last adieu!

4.

Oh! mark you yon pair, in the sunshine of youth,
Love twin'd round their childhood, his flow'rs, as they grew;
They flourish awhile, in the season of truth,
Till chill'd by the winter of love's last adieu!

5.

Sweet lady! why thus doth a tear steal its way,
Down a cheek, which outrivals thy bosom in hue?
Yet, why do I ask? to distraction a prey,
Thy reason has perish'd, with love's last adieu!

6.

Oh! who is yon Misanthrope, shunning mankind?
From cities to caves of the forest he flew:
There, raving, he howls his complaint to the wind,
The mountains reverberate love's last adieu!

7.

Now, hate rules a heart, which in love's easy chains,
Once, passion's tumultuous blandishments knew;
Despair, now, enflames the dark tide of his veins,
He ponders, in frenzy, on Love's last adieu!

8.

How he envies the wretch, with a soul wrapt in steel,
His pleasures are scarce, yet his troubles are few;
Who laughs at the pang, that he never can feel,
And dreads not the anguish of Love's last adieu!

9.

Youth flies, life decays, even hope is o'ercast,
No more, with love's former devotion, we sue;
He spreads his young wing, he retires with the blast,
The shroud of affection is Love's last adieu!

10.

In this life of probation, for rapture divine,
Astrea* declares that some penance is due;

* The Goddess of Justice.

From him, who has worship'd at love's gentle shrine,
The atonement is ample, in Love's last adieu!

II.

Who kneels to the God, on his altar of light,
Must myrtle and cypress, alternately, strew;
His myrtle, an emblem of purest delight,
His cypress, the garland of Love's last adieu!

DAMÆTAS.

In law an infant,* and in years a boy,
In mind a slave to every vicious joy,
From every sense of shame and virtue wean'd,
In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend;
Vers'd in hypocrisy, while yet a child,
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;
Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a tool,
Old in the world, though scarcely broke from school;
Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,
And found the goal, when others just begin:
Ev'n still conflicting passions shake his soul,
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's bowl;
But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former chain,
And, what was once his bliss, appears his bane.

* In Law, every person is an infant, who has not attained the age of 21.

TO MARION.

MARION! Why that pensive brow?
What disgust to life hast thou?
Change that discontented air;
Frowns become not one so fair.
'Tis not Love disturbs thy rest,
Love's a stranger to thy breast;
He, in dimpling smiles, appears,
Or mourns in sweetly timid tears;
Or bends the languid eyelid down,
But shuns the cold forbidding frown.
Then resume thy former fire,
Some will love, and all admire;
While that icy aspect chills us,
Nought but cool indiff'rence thrills us.
Would'st thou wand'ring hearts beguile,
Smile, at least, or seem to smile;

Eyes, like thine, were never meant
To hide their orbs, in dark restraint;
Spite of all thou fain would'st say,
Still in truant beams they play.
Thy lips,—but here my modest Muse
Her impulse chaste must needs refuse.
She blushes, curtsies, frowns,—in short she
Dreads, lest the subject should transport me;
And flying off, in search of reason,
Brings prudence back in proper season.
All I shall, therefore, say, (whate'er
I think, is neither here nor there.)
Is that such lips, of looks endearing,
Were form'd for better things, than sneering;
Of soothing compliments divested,
Advice, at least's, disinterested;
Such is my artless song to thee,
From all the flow of flatt'ry free;
Counsel, like mine, is as a brother's,
My heart is given to some others;
That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,
It shares itself amongst a dozen.

Marion! adieu! oh! prithee slight not
This warning, tho' it may delight not;
And, lest my precepts be displeasing,
To those, who think remonstrance teazing,
At once, I'll tell thee our opinion,
Concerning woman's soft dominion:
Howe'er we gaze with admiration,
On eyes of blue, or lips carnation;
Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,
Howe'er those beauties may distract us;
Still fickle, we are prone to rove,
These cannot fix our souls to love;
It is not too severe a stricture,
To say they form a pretty picture.
But, would'st thou see the secret chain,
Which binds us in your humble train,
To hail you queens of all creation,
Know, in a word, 'tis ANIMATION.

OSCAR OF ALVA.*

A TALE.

HOW sweetly shines, through azure skies,
The lamp of Heav'n on Lora's shore;
Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,
And hear the din of arms no more.

2.

But often has yon rolling moon,
On Alva's casques of silver play'd;
And view'd, at midnight's silent noon,
Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd.

* The Catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of "Jeronymo and Lorenzo," in the first volume of "The Armenian, or Ghost Seer:" It also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third act of "Macbeth."

3.

And, on the crimson'd rocks beneath,
Which scowl o'er ocean's sullen flow,
Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death,
She view'd the gasping warrior low.

4.

When many an eye, which ne'er again
Could view the rising orb of day,
Turn'd feebly from the gory plain,
Beheld in death her fading ray.

5.

Once, to those eyes the lamp of Love,
They blest her dear propitious light;
But now she glimmer'd from above,
A sad funereal torch of night.

6.

Faded is Alva's noble race,
And grey her towers are seen afar;
No more her heroes urge the chace,
Or roll the crimson tide of war.

7.

But, who was last of Alva's clan?
Why grows the moss on Alva's stone?
Her towers resound no steps of man,
They echo to the gale alone.

8.

And when that gale is fierce and high,
A sound is heard in yonder hall,
It rises hoarsely through the sky,
And vibrates o'er the mouldering wall.

9.

Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave;
But, there no more his banners rise,
No more his plumes of sable wave.

10.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,
When Angus hail'd his eldest born;
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth,
Crowd to applaud the happy morn.

11.

They feast upon the mountain deer,
The Pibroch rais'd its piercing note,
To gladden more their Highland cheer,
The strains in martial numbers float.

12.

And they, who heard the war-notes wild,
Hop'd that, one day, the Pibroch's strain
Should play before the Hero's child,
While he should lead the Tartan train.

13.

Another year is quickly past,
And Angus hails another son,
His natal day is like the last,
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

14.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow,
On Alva's dusky hills of wind;
The boys in childhood chas'd the roe,
And left their hounds in speed behind.

15.

But ere their years of youth are o'er,
They mingle in the ranks of war;
They lightly wheel the bright claymore,
And send the whistling arrow far.

16.

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,
Wildly it stream'd along the gale;
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,
And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

17.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul,
His dark eye shone through beams of truth;
Allan had early learn'd controul,
And smooth his words had been from youth.

18.

Both, both were brave, the Saxon spear,
Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel;
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel.

19.

While Allan's soul belied his form,
Unworthy with such charms to dwell;
Keen as the lightning of the storm,
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

20.

From high Southannon's distant tower
Arriv'd a young and noble dame;
With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,
Glenalvon's blue ey'd daughter came.

21.

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,
And Angus on his Oscar smil'd,
It sooth'd the father's feudal pride,
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

22.

Hark! to the Pibroch's pleasing note,
Hark to the swelling nuptial song;
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

23.

See how the Heroes' blood-red plumes,
Assembl'd wave in Alva's hall;
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,
Attending on their chieftain's call.

24.

It is not war their aid demands,
The Pibroch plays the song of peace;
To Oscar's nuptials throng the bands,
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

25.

But where is Oscar? sure 'tis late:
Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame?
While thronging guests and ladies wait,
Nor Oscar nor his brother came.

26.

At length young Allen join'd the bride,
"Why comes not Oscar?" Angus said;
"Is he not here?" the Youth reply'd,
With me he rov'd not o'er the glade.

27.

" Perchance, forgetful of the day,
" 'Tis his to chace the bounding roe;
" Or Ocean's waves prolong his stay,
" Yet, Oscar's bark is seldom slow."

28.

" Oh no," the anguish'd Sire rejoin'd,
" Nor chace, nor wave my Boy delay;
" Would he to Mora seem unkind?
" Would aught to her impede his way?

29.

" Oh! search, ye Chiefs! oh! search around!
" Allen, with these thro' Alva fly;
" Till Oscar, till my son is found,
" Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply."

30.

All is confusion.—through the vale,
The name of Oscar hoarsely rings,
It rises on the murm'ring gale,
Till night expands her dusky wings.

31.

It breaks the stillness of the night,
But echoes through her shades in vain;
It sounds through morning's misty light,
But Oscar comes not o'er the plain.

32.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the Chief
For Oscar search'd each mountain cave;
Then hope is lost, in boundless grief,
His locks in grey-torn ringlets wave.

33.

"Oscar, my Son,— thou God of Heav'n,
"Restore the prop of sinking age;
"Or, if that hope no more is given,
"Yield his assassin to my rage.

34.

"Yes, on some desert rocky shore,
"My Oscar's whiten'd bones must lie;
"Then grant, thou God, I ask no more,
"With him his frantic Sire may die.

35.

" Yet, he may live,—away despair ;
" Be calm, my soul, he yet may live ;
" T' arraign my fate, my voice forbear,
" O God ! my impious prayer forgive ?

36.

" What, if he live, for me no more,
" I sink forgotten in the dust,
" The hope of Alva's age is o'er,
" Alas ! can pangs like these be just ?"

37.

Thus did the hapless parent mourn,
Till Time, who soothes severest woe ;
Had bade serenity return,
And made the tear-drop cease to flow :

38.

For still some latent hope surviv'd,
That Oscar might once more appear ;
His hope now droop'd, and now reviv'd,
Till Time had told a tedious year.

39.

Days roll'd along, the orb of light,
Again had run his destin'd race;
No Oscar bless'd his father's sight,
And sorrow left a fainter trace.

40.

For youthful Allan still remain'd,
And now his father's only joy;
And Mora's heart was quickly gain'd,
For beauty crown'd the fair-hair'd boy.

41.

She thought that Oscar low was laid,
And Allen's face was wond'rous fair,
If Oscar liv'd, some other maid
Had claim'd his faithless bosom's care.

42.

And Angus said, if one year more,
In fruitless hope was pass'd away;
His fondest scruples should be o'er,
And he would name their nuptial day.

43.

Slow roll'd the moons, but blest at last,
Arriv'd the dearly destin'd morn;
The year of anxious trembling past,
What smiles the lovers' cheeks adorn!

44.

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note,
Hark to the swelling nuptial song;
In joyous strains the voices float,
And still the choral peal prolong.

45.

Again the clan in festive crowd,
Throng through the gate of Alva's hall;
The sounds of mirth re-echo loud;
And all their former joy recall.

46.

But, who is he, whose darken'd brow
Glooms in the midst of general mirth?
Before his eye's far fiercer glow,
The blue flames curdle o'er the hearth.

47.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form,
And tall his plume of gory red;
His voice is like the rising storm,
But light and trackless is his tread.

48.

'Tis noon of night, the pledge goes round,
The bridegroom's health is deeply quaft;
With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,
And all combine to hail the draught.

49.

Sudden the stranger chief arose,
And all the clamourous crowd are hush'd;
And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,
And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

50.

"Old man," he cry'd, "this pledge is done,
"Thou saw'st, 'twas duly drank by me,
"It hail'd the nuptials of thy son,
"Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

51.

"While all around is mirth and joy,
"To bless thy Allan's happy lot;
"Say, had'st thou ne'er another boy?
"Say, why should Oscar be forgot?"

52.

"Alas!" the hapless sire reply'd,
The big tear starting as he spoke;
"When Oscar left my hall, or died,
"This aged heart was almost broke.

53.

"Thrice has the earth revolv'd her course,
"Since Oscar's form has bless'd my sight;
"And Allan is my last resource,
"Since martial Oscar's death, or flight."

54.

"'Tis well," reply'd the stranger stern,
And fiercely flash'd his rolling eye,
"Thy Oscar's fate, I fain would learn,
"Perhaps the Hero did not die.

55.

" Perchance, if those, whom most he lov'd,
" Would call, thy Oscar might return;
" Perchance, the chief has only rov'd,
" For him thy Beltane* yet may burn.

56.

" Fill high the bowl, the table round,
" We will not claim the pledge by stealth;
" With wine let every cup be crown'd,
" Pledge me departed Oscar's health."

57.

" With all my soul," old Angus said,
And fill'd his goblet to the brim;
" Here's to my boy! alive or dead,
" I ne'er shall find a son like him."

58.

" Bravely, old man, this health has sped,
" But why does Allan trembling stand?

* Beltane-Tree---A Highland festival, on the 1st of May, held near fires, lighted for the occasion.

" Come, drink remembrance of the dead,
" And raise thy cup with firmer hand."

59.

The crimson glow of Allan's face,
Was turn'd at once to ghastly hue;
The drops of death each other chase
Adown in agonizing dew.

60.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high,
And thrice his lips refused to taste;
For thrice he caught the stranger's eye,
On his with deadly fury plac'd.

61.

" And is it thus, a brother hails,
" A brother's fond remembrance here!
" If thus affection's strength prevails,
" What might we not expect from fear?"

62.

Rous'd by the sneer, he rais'd the bowl,
" Would, Oscar now could share our mirth!"

Internal fears appall'd his soul,
He said, and dash'd the cup to earth.

63.

"'Tis he, I hear my murderer's voice,"
Loud shrieks a darkly gleaming form;
"A murderer's voice!" the roof replies,
And deeply swells the bursting storm.

64.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,
The stranger's gone,—amidst the crew
A form was seen, in tartan green,
And tall the shade terrific grew.

65.

His waist was bound, with a broad belt round,
His plume of sable stream'd on high;
But his breast was bare, with the red wounds there,
And fix'd was the glare of his glassy eye.

66.

And thrice he smil'd, with his eye so wild,
On Angus bending low the knee;

And thrice he frown'd, on a chief on the ground,
Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

67.

The bolts loud roll, from pole to pole,
The thunders through the welkin ring;
And the gleaming form, through the mist of the storm,
Was borne on high by the whirlwind's wing.

68.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceas'd,
Who lies upon the stony floor?
Old Angus prest, the earth with his breast,
At length his life-pulse throbs once more.

69.

"Away, away, let the leech essay,
"To pour the light on Allan's eyes;"
His sand is done,—his race is run,
Oh! never more shall Allan rise!

70.

But Oscar's breast is cold as clay,
His locks are lifted by the gale;

And Allan's barbed arrow lay,
With him in dark Glentanar's vale.

71.

And whence the dreadful stranger came,
Or who, no mortal wight can tell;
But no one doubts the form of flame,
For Alva's sons knew Oscar well.

72.

Ambition nerv'd young Allan's hand,
Exulting demons wing'd his dart,
While Envy wav'd her burning brand,
And pour'd her venom round his heart.

73.

Swift is the shaft from Allan's bow,
Whose streaming life-blood stains his side?
Dark Oscar's sable crest is low,
The dart has drank his vital tide.

74.

And Mora's eye could Allan move,
She bade his wounded pride rebel:

Alas! that eyes, which beam'd with love,
Should urge the soul to deeds of Hell.

75.

Lo, see'st thou not a lonely tomb,
Which rises o'er a warrior dead?
It glimmers thro' the twilight gloom;
Oh! that is Allan's nuptial bed.

76.

Far, distant far, the noble grave,
Which held his clan's great ashes, stood:
And o'er his corse no banners wave,
For they were stain'd with kindred blood.

77.

What minstrel grey, what hoary bard,
Shall Allan's deeds on harp-strings raise?
The song is glory's chief reward,
But who can strike a murd'rer's praise?

78.

Unstrung, untouch'd, the harp must stand,
No minstrel dare the theme awake;

Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,
  His harp in shuddering chords would break.

79.

No lyre of fame, no hallow'd verse,
  Shall sound his glories high in air,
A dying father's bitter curse,
  A brother's death-groan echoes there.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL, WHEN DYING.

ANIMULA! vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque, corporis,
Quœ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos.

TRANSLATION.

AH! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,
Friend and associate of this clay!
To what unknown region borne,
Wilt thou, now, wing thy distant flight?
No more, with wonted humour gay,
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

"AD LESBIAM."

EQUAL to Jove, that youth must be,
Greater than Jove, he seems to me,
Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,
Securely, views thy matchless charms;
That cheek, which ever dimpling glows,
That mouth, from whence such music flows,
To him, alike, are always known,
Reserv'd for him, and him alone.
Ah! Lesbia! though 'tis death to me,
I cannot choose but look on thee;
But, at the sight, my senses fly,
I needs must gaze, but gazing die;

Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,
Parch'd to the throat, my tongue adheres,
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves short,
My limbs deny their slight support;
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,
With deadly languor droops my head,
My ears with tingling echoes ring,
And life itself is on the wing;
My eyes refuse the cheering light,
Their orbs are veil'd in starless night;
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,
And feels a temporary death.

TRANSLATION

OF THE

EPITAPH ON VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS,

BY DOMITIUS MARSUS.

HE, who sublime, in epic numbers roll'd,
And he, who struck the softer lyre of love,
By Death's * unequal hand alike controul'd
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move.

* The hand of Death is said to be unjust, or unequal, as Virgil was considerably older than Tibullus, at his decease.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

"LUCTUS DE MORTE PASSERIS."

YE Cupids, droop each little head,
Nor let your wings with joy be spread,
My Lesbia's fav'rite bird is dead,
Whom dearer than her eyes she lov'd:
For he was gentle, and so true,
Obedient to her call he flew,
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,
But lightly o'er her bosom mov'd:

And softly fluttering here and there,
He never sought to cleave the air;
But chirrup'd oft, and free from care,
Tune'd to her ear his grateful strain.

Now having pass'd the gloomy bourn,
From whence he never can return,
His death, and Lesbia's grief, I mourn,
Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! curst be thou, devouring grave!
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,
From whom no earthly power can save,
For thou hast ta'en the bird away:
From thee, my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,
Her swollen cheeks, with weeping, glow.
Thou art the cause of all her woe,
Receptacle of life's decay.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

TO ELLEN.

OH! might I kiss those eyes of fire,
A million scarce would quench desire;
Still, would I steep my lips in bliss,
And dwell an age on every kiss;
Nor then my soul should sated be,
Still, would I kiss, and cling to thee;
Nought should my kiss from thine dissever,
Still, would we kiss, and kiss for ever;
E'en though the number did exceed
The yellow harvest's countless seed;
To part would be a vain endeavour,
Could I desist?—ah! never—never.

TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

TO HIS LYRE.

I WISH to tune my quivering lyre,
To deeds of fame, and notes of fire;
To echo from its rising swell,
How heroes fought, and nations fell;
When Atreus' sons advanc'd to war,
Or Tyrian Cadmus rov'd afar;
But still, to martial strains unknown,
My lyre recurs to love alone.
Fir'd with the hope of future fame,
I seek some nobler hero's name;

The dying chords are strung anew,
To war, to war, my harp is due;
With glowing strings, the epic strain,
To Jove's great son I raise again,
Alcides, and his glorious deeds,
Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds;
All, all in vain, my wayward lyre,
Wakes silver notes of soft desire.
Adieu ye chiefs, renown'd in arms,
Adieu the clang of wars alarms.
To other deeds my soul is strung.
And sweeter notes shall now be sung;
My harp shall all its powers reveal,
To tell the tale my heart must feel,
Love, love alone, my lyre shall claim,
In songs of bliss, and sighs of flame.

ODE 3.

'TWAS now the hour when Night had driven,
Her car half round yon sable heaven,
Bootes only seem'd to roll
His Arctic charge around the Pole;
While mortals lost in gentle sleep,
Forgot to smile, or ceas'd to weep;
At this lone hour, the Paphian boy,
Descending from the realms of joy;
Quick to my gate, directs his course,
And knocks with all his little force;
My visions fled, alarm'd I rose,
"What stranger breaks my blest repose?"
Alas! replies the wily child,
In faultering accents, sweetly mild;
"A hapless infant here I roam,
"Far from my dear maternal home:

" Oh! shield me from the wint'ry blast,
" The nightly storm is pouring fast,
" No prowling robber lingers here;
" A wandering baby, who can fear?"
I heard his seeming artless tale,
I heard his sighs upon the gale;
My breast was never pity's foe,
But felt for all the baby's woe,
I drew the bar, and by the light,
Young Love, the infant, met my sight;
His bow across his shoulders flung,
And thence his fatal quiver hung,
(Ah! little did I think the dart,
Would rankle soon within my heart;)
With care I tend my weary guest,
His little fingers chill my breast,
His glossy curls, his azure wing,
Which droop with nightly showers, I wring:
His shivering limbs the embers warm,
And, now, reviving from the storm,
Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,
Than swift he seized his slender bow;

" I fain would know, my gentle host,"
He cried, " if this its strength has lost;
" I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,
" The strings their former aid refuse:
With poison tipt, his arrow flies,
Deep in my tortur'd heart it lies:
Then loud the joyous urchin laught,
" My bow can still impel the shaft;
" 'Tis firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it,
" Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel it?"

FRAGMENTS OF SCHOOL EXERCISES,

FROM THE

PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF ŒSCHYLUS.

GREAT Jove! to whose Almighty throne,
Both Gods and mortals homage pay,
Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,
Thy dread behests ne'er disobey.
Oft shall the sacred victim fall,
In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall;
My voice shall raise no impious strain,
'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure main.
* *
How different now thy joylous fate,
Since first Hesione thy bride,
When plac'd aloft in godlike state,
The blushing beauty by thy side.

Thou sat'st, while reverend Ocean smil'd,
And mirthful strains the hours beguil'd;
The Nymphs and Tritons danc'd around,
Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove relentless
frown'd.

Harrow, December 1, 1804.

THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS.

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE ÆNEID, LIB. 9.

NISUS, the guardian of the portal, stood,
Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood;
Well skill'd, in fight, the quiv'ring lance to wield,
Or pour his arrows through th' embattl'd field;
From Ida torn he left his native grove;
Through distant climes, and trackless seas to rove.
To watch the movements of the Daunian host;
With him Euryalus, sustains the post.
No lovlier mien adorn'd the ranks of Troy,
And beardless bloom yet grac'd the gallant boy;
Though few the seasons of his youthful life,
As yet a novice in the martial strife,
'Twas his, with beauty, valour's gifts to share,
A soul heroic, as his form was fair,
These burn with one pure flame of gen'rous love,
In peace, in war, united still they move;

Friendship and glory form their joint reward,
And now combin'd they hold the nightly guard.

"What God!" exclaim'd the first, "instils this fire?
"Or, in itself a God, what great desire?
"My lab'ring soul, with anxious thought oppprest,
"Abhors this station of inglorious rest;
"The love of fame with this can ill accord,
"Be't mine, to seek for glory with my sword.
"See'st thou yon camp, with torches twinkling dim,
"Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy limb?
"Where confidence and ease the watch disdain,
"And drowsy Silence holds her sable reign?
"Then hear my thought: In deep and sullen grief,
"Our troops and leaders mourn their absent chief;
"Now could the gifts, and promis'd prize be thine,
"(The deed, the danger, and the fame be mine;)
"Were this decreed,—beneath yon rising mound,
"Methinks, an easy path, perchance, were found.
"Which past, I speed my way to Pallas' walls,
"And lead Æneas from Evander's halls."
With equal ardour fired, and warlike joy,
His glowing friend address'd the Dardan boy.

" These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare alone?
" Must all the fame, the peril be thine own?
" Am I by thee despis'd, and left afar,
" As one unfit to share the toils of war?
" Not thus, his son, the great Opheltes taught,
" Not thus, my sire, in Argive combats fought;
" Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,
" I track'd Æneas through the walks of fate;
" Thou know'st my deeds, my breast devoid of fear,
" And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear,
" Here is a soul, with hope immortal burns,
" And *life*, ignoble *life*, for glory spurns,
" Fame, fame, is cheaply earn'd by fleeting breath,
" The price of honour, is the sleep of death."
Then Nisus,——" Calm thy bosom's fond alarms,
" Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms;
" More dear thy worth, and valour than my own,
" I swear by him, who fills Olympus' throne!
" So may I triumph, as I speak the truth,
" And clasp again the comrade of my youth:
" But, should I fall, and he who dares advance,
" Through hostile legions, must abide by chance;

" If some Rutulian arm with adverse blow,
" Should lay the friend, who ever lov'd thee, low.
" Live thou, such beauties I would fain preserve,
" Thy budding years a lengthen'd term deserve,
" When humbled in the dust, let some one be,
" Whose gentle eyes, will shed one tear for me;
" Whose manly arm may snatch me back by force,
" Or wealth redeem, from foes, my captive corse:
" Or, if my destiny these last deny,
" If in the spoiler's power, my ashes lie;
" Thy pious care, may raise a simple tomb,
" To mark thy love, and signalize my doom.
" Why should thy doating wretched mother weep,
" Her only boy, reclin'd in endless sleep?
" Who for thy sake, the tempest's fury dar'd,
" Who for thy sake, war's deadly peril shar'd;
" Who brav'd, what woman never brav'd before,
" And left her native, for the Latian shore."
" In vain you damp the ardour of my soul,"
Reply'd Euryalus! " it scorns controul;
" Hence, let us haste,"—their brother guards arose,
Rouz'd by their call, nor court again repose;

The pair buoy'd up on Hope's exulting wing,
Their stations leave, and speed to seek the king.
Now o'er the earth, a solemn stillness ran,
And lull'd alike the cares of brute and man;
Save where the Dardan leaders nightly hold,
Alternate converse, and their plans unfold;
On one great point the council are agreed,
An instant message to their prince decreed:
Each lean'd upon the lance, he well could wield,
And pois'd, with easy arm, his ancient shield;
When Nisus and his friend their leave request,
To offer something to their high behest.
With anxious tremors, yet unaw'd by fear,
The faithful pair before the throne appear:
Iulus greets them, at his kind command,
The elder first, address'd the hoary band.

"With patience," (thus Hyrtacides began,)
"Attend, nor judge, from youth, our humble plan;
"Where yonder beacons half expiring beam,
"Our slumbering foes of future conquest dream,

" Nor heed that we a secret path have trac'd,
" Between the ocean, and the portal plac'd :
" Beneath the covert of the blackening smoke,
" Whose shade securely our design will cloak !
" If you, ye chiefs, and fortune, will allow,
" We'll bend our course to yonder mountain's brow;
" Where Pallas' walls at distance meet the sight,
" Seen o'er the glade, when not obscur'd by night;
" Then shall Æneas, in his pride return,
" While hostile matrons raise their offspring's urn;
" And Latian spoils, and purpl'd heaps of dead,
" Shall mark the havock of our Hero's tread;
" Such is our purpose, not unknown the way,
" Where yonder torrents devious waters stray;
" Oft have we seen when hunting by the stream,
" The distant spires above the vallies gleam."

Mature in years, for sober wisdom fam'd,
Mov'd by the speech, Alethes, here exclaim'd !
" Ye parent Gods ! who rule the fate of Troy,
" Still dwells the Dardan spirit in the boy;

" When minds like these, in striplings thus ye raise,
" Yours is the god-like act, be yours the praise ;
" In, gallant youth, my fainting hopes revive,
" And Ilion's wonted glories still survive ; "
Then in his warm embrace, the boys he press'd,
And quivering strain'd them to his aged breast ;
With tears the burning cheek of each bedew'd,
And, sobbing, thus his first discourse renew'd :—
" What gift, my countrymen, what martial prize
" Can we bestow, which you may not despise ?
" Our Deities the first, best boon have given,
" Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven.
" What poor rewards, can bless your deeds on earth,
" Doubtless await such young exalted worth ;
" Æneas, and Ascanius shall combine,
" To yield applause far, far, surpassing mine."
Iulus then ; " By all the powers above !
" By those * Penates, who my country love ;
" By hoary Vesta's sacred Fane, I swear,
" My hopes, are all in you, ye generous pair !

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* Household Gods.

"Restore my father, to my grateful sight,
"And all my sorrows, yield to one delight.
"Nisus! two silver goblets are thine own,
"Sav'd from Arisba's stately domes o'erthrown;
"My sire secured them on that fatal day;
"Nor left such bowls, an Argive robber's prey.
"Two massy tripods, also shall be thine,
"Two talents polished from the glittering mine;
"An ancient cup, which Tyrian Dido gave,
"While yet our vessels press'd the Punic wave:
"But when the hostile chiefs at length bow down,
"When great Æneas wears Hesperia's crown,
"The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed,
"Which Turnus guides with more than mortal speed,
"Are thine; no envious lot shall then be cast,
"I pledge my word, irrevocably past;
"Nay more, twelve slaves and twice six captive dames,
"To sooth thy softer hours, with amorous flames,
"And all the realms, which now the Latins sway,
"The labours of to-night, shall well repay.
"But thou, my generous youth, whose tender years,
"Are near my own, whose worth, my heart reveres,

" Henceforth, affection sweetly thus begun,
" Shall join our bosoms, and our souls in one ;
" Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine,
" Without thy dear advice, no great design ;
" Alike through life, esteem'd, thou godlike boy,
" In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy."

To him Euryalus, " no day shall shame
" The rising glories, which from this I claim.
" Fortune may favour, or the skies may frown,
" But valour, spite of fate, obtains renown.
" Yet, ere from hence our eager steps depart,
" One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart :
" My mother sprung, from Priam's royal line,
" Like thine ennobl'd, hardly less divine,
" Nor Troy, nor King Acestes' realms restrain
" Her feeble age from dangers of the main,
" Hither she came, all selfish fears above,
" A bright example of maternal love.
" Unknown the secret enterprize I brave,
" Lest grief should bend my parent to the grave ;

"From this alone no fond adieus I seek,
"No fainting mother's lips have press'd my cheek;
"By gloomy Night, and thy right hand I vow,
"Her parting tears would shake my purpose now:
"Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain,
"In thee her much loved child may live again;
"Her dying hours with pious conduct bless,
"Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress:
"So dear a hope must all my soul enflame,
"To rise in glory, or to fall in fame."
Struck with a filial care, so deeply felt,
In tears at once the Trojan warriors melt;
Faster than all Iulus' eyes o'erflow,
Such love was his, and such had been his woe.
"All thou hast ask'd, receive," the prince reply'd,
"Nor this alone, but many a gift beside;
"To cheer thy mother's years shall be my aim,
"Creusa's * style, but wanting to the dame;
"Fortune an adverse wayward course may run.
"But blest thy mother, in so dear a son.

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* The mother of Iulus, lost on the night when Troy was taken.

" Now, by my life, my sire's most sacred oath,
" To thee I pledge my full, my firmest troth,
" All the rewards which once to thee were vow'd,
" If thou should'st fall, on her shall be bestow'd."
Thus spoke the weeping prince, then forth to view,
A gleaming falchion from the sheath he drew;
Lycaon's utmost skill had grac'd the steel,
For friends to envy, and for foes to feel.
A tawny hide, the Moorish lion's spoil,
Slain midst the forest, in the hunter's toil,
Mnestheus to guard the elder youth bestows,
And old Alethes' casque defends his brows:
Arm'd, thence they go, while all the assembl'd train,
To aid their cause, implore the gods in vain;
More than a boy, in wisdom and in grace,
Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place,
His prayers he sends, but what can prayers avail!
Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale!

The trench is past, and favour'd by the night,
Through sleeping foes, they wheel their wary flight;

When shall the sleep of many a foe be o'er?
Alas! some slumber, who shall wake no more!
Chariots and bridles, mix'd with arms are seen,
And flowing flasks, and scatter'd troops between;
Bacchus and Mars, to rule the camp, combine,
A mingl'd Chaos, this, of war and wine.
Now, cries the first, "for deeds of blood prepare,
"With me the conquest, and the labour share;
"Here lies our path, lest any hand arise,
"Watch thou, while many a dreaming chieftain dies;
"I'll carve our passage, through the heedless foe,
"And clear thy road, with many a deadly blow."
His whispering accents then the youth represst,
And pierc'd proud Rhamnes through his panting breast,
Stretch'd at his ease, th' incautious king repos'd,
Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had clos'd;
To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,
His omens more than augur's skill evince:
But he who thus foretold the fate of all,
Could not avert his own untimely fall.
Next Remus' armour-bearer, hapless fell,
And three unhappy slaves the carnage swell;

The charioteer, along his courser's sides,
Expires, the steel his sever'd neck divides;
And, last, his Lord is number'd with the dead,
Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping head;
From the swol'n veins, the blackening torrents pour,
Stain'd is the couch and earth, with clotting gore.
Young Lamyrus and Lamus next expire,
And gay Serranus fill'd with youthful fire;
Half the long night in childish games was past,
Lull'd by the potent grape, he slept at last;
Ah! happier far, had he the morn survey'd,
And, 'till Aurora's dawn, his skill display'd.

In slaughter'd folds, the keepers lost in sleep,
His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep;
'Mid the sad flock, at dead of night, he prowls,
With murder glutted, and in carnage rolls;
Insatiate still, through teeming herds he roams,
In seas of gore, the lordly tyrant foams.

Nor less the others deadly vengeance came,
But falls on feeble crowds without a name;

His wound, unconscious Fadus, scarce can feel,
Yet, wakeful Rhæsus sees the threatning steel;
His coward breast behind a jar he hides,
And, vainly, in the weak defence confides;
Full in his heart, the falchion search'd his veins,
The reeking weapon bears alternate stains;
Through wine and blood, commingling as they flow,
The feeble spirit seeks the shades below.
Now, where Messapus dwelt, they bend their way,
Whose fires emit a faint and trembling ray;
There, unconfin'd, behold each grazing steed,
Unwatch'd, unheeded, on the herbage feed;
Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's arm,
Too flush'd with carnage, and with conquest warm:
"Hence let us haste, the dangerous path is past,
"Full foes enough, to-night, have breath'd their last;
"Soon will the Day those Eastern clouds adorn,
"Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising morn."

What silver arms, with various art embost:
What bowls and mantles, in confusion tost,

They leave regardless! yet, one glittering prize,
Attracts the younger Hero's wandering eyes;
The gilded harness Rhamnes' coursers felt,
The gems which stud, the monarch's golden belt;
This from the pallid corse was quickly torn,
Once by a line of former chieftains worn.
Th' exulting boy, the studded girdle wears,
Messapus' helm his head, in triumph, bears;
Then from the tents their cautious steps they bend,
To seek the vale, where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian horse,
To Turnus' camp, pursue their destin'd course;
While the slow foot, their tardy march delay,
The knights impatient spur along the way:
Three hundred mail-clad men, by Volscens led,
To Turnus, with their master's promise sped;
Now they approach the trench, and view the walls,
When, on the left, a light reflection falls,
The plunder'd helmet, through the waning night,
Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing bright;

Volscens, with question loud, the pair alarms,
" Stand, Stragglers! stand! why early thus in arms?
" From whence, to whom?" he meets with no reply,
Trusting the covert of the night they fly;
The thicket's depth, with hurried pace, they tread,
While round the wood the hostile squadron spread.

With brakes entangled, scarce a path between,
Dreary and dark appears the sylvan scene;
Euryalus, his heavy spoils impede,
The boughs and winding turns his steps mislead;
But Nisus scours along the forest's maze,
To where Latinus' steeds in safety graze,
Then backward o'er the plain his eyes extend,
On ev'ry side, they seek his absent friend.
" O God, my boy," he cries, " of me bereft,
" In what impending perils art thou left!"
Listening he runs—above the waving trees,
Tumultuous voices swell the passing breeze;
The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs around
Wake the dark echoes of the trembling ground.

Again he turns—of footsteps hears the noise,
The sound elates—the sight his hope destroys,
The hapless boy, a ruffian train surround,
While lengthening shades, his weary way confound;
Him, with loud shouts, the furious knights pursue,
Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.
What can his friend 'gainst thronging numbers dare?
Ah! must he rush, his comrade's fate to share!
What force, what aid, what stratagem essay,
Back to redeem the Latian spoilers' prey!
His life a votive ransom nobly give,
Or die with him, for whom he wish'd to live!
Poising with strength his lifted lance on high,
On Luna's orb, he cast his phrenzied eye,
" Goddess serene, transcending every star!
" Queen of the sky! whose beams are seen afar;
" By night, Heaven owns thy sway, by day, the grove,
" When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st to rove;
" If e'er myself, or sire, have sought to grace
" Thine altars, with the produce of the chace;
" Speed, speed, my dart, to pierce yon vaunting crowd,
" To free my friend, and scatter far the proud."

Thus having said, the hissing dart he flung,
Through parted shades, the hurtling weapon sung;
The thirsty point in Sulmo's entrails lay,
Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd him on the clay;
He sobs, he dies,—the troop, in wild amaze,
Unconscious whence the death, with horror gaze;
While pale they stare, thro' Tagus' temples riven,
A second shaft, with equal force, is driven;
Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering eyes,
Veil'd by the night, secure the Trojan lies.
Burning with wrath, he view'd his soldiers fall,
" Thou youth accurst; thy life shall pay for all;"
Quick from the sheath his flaming glaive he drew,
And, raging, on the boy defenceless flew.
Nisus, no more the blackening shade conceals,
Forth, forth he starts, and all his love reveals;
Aghast, confus'd, his fears to madness rise,
And pour these accents, shrieking as he flies;
" Me, me, your vengeance hurl, on me alone,
" Here sheathe the steel, my blood is all your own;
" Ye starry Spheres! thou conscious Heaven attest!
" He could not—durst not—lo! the guile confest!

" All, all was mine,—his early fate suspend,
" He only lov'd, too well, his hapless friend;
" Spare, spare ye Chiefs! from him your rage remove,
" His fault was friendship, all his crime was love."
He pray'd in vain, the dark assassin's sword,
Pierc'd the fair side, the snowy bosom gor'd;
Lowly to earth, inclines his plume-clad crest;
And sanguine torrents, mantle o'er his breast,
As some young rose, whose blossom scents the air,
Langnid in death, expires beneath the share;
Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,
Declining gently, falls a fading flower;
Thus sweetly drooping, bends his lovely head,
And lingering Beauty hovers round the dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,
Revenge his leader, and Despair his guide;
Volscens he seeks, amidst the gathering host,
Volscens must soon appease his comrade's ghost;
Steel, flashing, pours on steel, foe crowds on foe,
Rage nerves his arm, Fate gleams in ev'ry blow;

In vain beneath unnumber'd wounds he bleeds,
Nor wounds, nor death, distracted Nisus heeds;
In viewless circles wheel'd, his falchion flies,
Nor quits the Hero's grasp, till Volscens dies,
Deep in his throat, its end the weapon found,
The tyrant's soul fled groaning through the wound.
Thus Nisus all his fond affection prov'd,
Dying, reveng'd the fate of him he lov'd;
Then on his bosom, sought his wonted place,
And death was heavenly, in his friend's embrace!

Celestial pair! if aught my verse can claim,
Wafted on Time's broad pinion, yours is fame!
Ages on ages, shall your fate admire
No future day, shall see your names expire;
While stands the Capitol, immortal dome!
And vanquish'd millions, hail their empress, Rome!

TRANSLATION

FROM THE

MEDEA OF EURIPIDES.

WHEN fierce conflicting passions urge
The breast, where love is wont to glow,
What mind can stem the stormy surge,
Which rolls the tide of human woe?
The hope of praise, the dread of shame,
Can rouse the tortur'd breast no more;
The wild desire, the guilty flame,
Absorbs each wish it felt before.

2.

But, if affection gently thrills
The soul, by purer dreams possest,
The pleasing balm of mortal ills,
In love can soothe the aching breast;

If thus, thou com'st in gentle guise,
  Fair Venus! from thy native heaven,
What heart, unfeeling, would despise
  The sweetest boon the gods have given?

3.

But, never from thy golden bow,
  May I beneath the shaft expire,
Whose creeping venom, sure and slow,
  Awakes an all-consuming fire;
Ye racking doubts! ye jealous fears;
  With others wage internal war;
Repentance! source of future tears,
  From me be ever distant far.

4.

May no distracting thoughts destroy
  The holy calm of sacred love!
May all the hours be wing'd with joy,
  Which hover faithful hearts above!
Fair Venus! on thy myrtle shrine,
  May I with some fond lover sigh!
Whose heart may mingle pure with mine,
  With me to live, with me to die.

5.

My native soil! belov'd before,
Now dearer, as my peaceful home,
Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore,
A hapless, banish'd wretch to roam;
This very day, this very hour,
May I resign this fleeting breath,
Nor quit my silent humble bower;
A doom, to me, far worse than death.

6.

Have I not heard the exile's sigh?
And seen the exile's silent tear?
Through distant climes condemn'd to fly,
A pensive, weary wand'rer here;
Ah! hapless dame!* no sire bewails,
No friend thy wretched fate deplores,

* Medea, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was deserted by him for the daughter of Creon, king of that city. The Chorus from which this is taken here address Medea; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the idea, as also in some other parts of the translation.

No kindred voice with rapture hails
  Thy steps, within a stranger's doors.

7.

Perish the fiend! whose iron heart,
  To fair affection's truth unknown,
Bids her, he fondly lov'd, depart,
  Unpitied, helpless, and alone;
Who ne'er unlocks, with silver key,*
  The milder treasures of his soul;
May such a friend be far from me,
  And Ocean's storms between us roll!

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* The original is "Καθαρὰν ἀνοιξάντι Κλεῖδα φρενῶν." literally "disclosing the bright Key of the mind."

FUGITIVE PIECES.

FUGITIVE PIECES.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION.*

HIGH in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
MAGNUS his ample front sublime uprears;

* No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnus. He is merely represented, as performing an unavoidable function of his office: indeed, such an attempt could only recoil upon myself; as that gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety with which he fills his situation, as he was in his younger days, for wit and conviviality.

Plac'd on his chair of state, he seems a God,
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod.
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
His voice, in thunder, shakes the sounding dome;
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth! in Euclid's axioms tried,
Though little vers'd in any art beside;
Who, scarcely skill'd an English line to pen,
Scans Attic metres, with a critic's ken.
What! though he knows not how his fathers bled,
When civil discord pil'd the fields with dead;
When Edward bade his conquering bands advance.
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France;
Though, marv'lling at the name of Magna Charta,
Yet, well he recollects the laws of Sparta;
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
Whilst Blackstone's on the shelf, neglected, laid;
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
Of Avon's bard, rememb'ring scarce the name.

Such is the youth, whose scientific pate,
Class honours, medals, fellowships, await;
Or, even, perhaps, the declamation prize,
If, to such glorious height, he lift his eyes.
But, lo! no common orator can hope,
The envied silver cup within his scope:
Not that our heads much eloquence require,
Th' ATHENIAN's glowing style, or Tully's fire.
A manner clear or warm is useless since
We do not try, by speaking, to convince;
Be other orators of pleasing proud,
We speak, to please ourselves, not move the crowd:
Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,
A proper mixture of the squeak and groan;
No borrow'd grace of action, must be seen,
The slightest motion would displease the dean;
Whilst ev'ry staring graduate would prate,
Against what he could never imitate.

The man, who hopes t' obtain the promis'd cup,
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up;

Nor stop, but rattle over every word,
No matter what, so it can *not* be heard :
Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest ;
Who speaks the fastest's sure to speak the best :
Who utters most within the shortest space,
May, safely, hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of science, these, who thus repaid,
Linger in ease, in Granta's sluggish shade ;
Where on Cam's sedgy banks supine they lie,
Unknown, unhonour'd live,—unwept for, die ;
Dull as the pictures, which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fix'd within their walls ;
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts, affecting to despise ; [note,
Yet prizing BENTLEY'S,* BRUNCK'S,* or PORSON'S †
More than the verse, on which the critic wrote ;

---

* * Celebrated Critics.

† The present Greek Professor at Trinity College, Cambridge; a man whose powers of mind, and writings, may perhaps justify their preference.

With eager haste, they court the lord of power,
Whether 'tis PITT or P--TTY rules the hour :*
To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the head,
While distant mitres, to their eyes are spread ;
But, should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
They'd fly to seek the next, who fill'd his place.
Such are the men, who learning's treasures guard,
Such is their practice, such is their reward ;
This much, at least, we may presume to say ;
The premium can't exceed the price they pay.

1806.

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* Since this was written Lord H. P-----y, has lost his place, and subsequently, (I had almost said CONSEQUENTLY) the honour of representing the University ; a fact so glaring requires no comment.

ANSWER TO SOME ELEGANT VERSES,

SENT BY

A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR,

COMPLAINING THAT ONE OF HIS DESCRIPTIONS WAS RATHER TOO WARMLY DRAWN.

" But, if any old Lady, Knight, Priest, or Physician,
" Should condemn me for printing a second edition ;
" If good Madam Squintum my work should abuse,
" May I venture to give her a smack of my muse ?"

ANSTEY'S NEW BATH GUIDE, page 169.

CANDOUR compels me, B—H—R! to commend,
The verse, which blends the censor with the friend ;
Your strong, yet just, reproof extorts applause,
From me, the heedless and imprudent cause ;

For this wild error, which pervades my strain,
I sue for pardon,—must I sue in vain?
The wise, sometimes, from Wisdom's ways depart;
Can youth then hush the dictates of the heart?
Precepts of prudence curb, but can't controul,
The fierce emotions of the flowing soul.
When Love's delirium haunts the glowing mind,
Limping Decorum lingers far behind;
Vainly the dotard mends her prudish pace,
Outstript and vanquish'd in the mental chace;
The young, the old, have worn the chains of love,
Let those, they ne'er confin'd, my lay reprove:
Let those, whose souls contemn the pleasing power,
Their censures on the hapless victim shower;
Oh! how I hate the nerveless, frigid song,
The ceaseless echo of the rhyming throng;
Whose labour'd lines in chilling numbers flow,
To paint a pang the author ne'er can know.
The artless Helicon, I boast, is Youth;
My Lyre, the Heart;—my Muse, the simple Truth:
Far be't from me, the "virgin's mind" to "taint",
Seduction's dread, is here no slight restraint:

The maid, whose virgin breast is void of guile,
Whose wishes dimple in a modest smile;
Whose downcast eye disdains the wanton leer,
Firm in her virtue's strength, yet not severe;
She, whom a conscious grace shall thus refine,
Will ne'er be "tainted" by a strain of mine.
But, for the nymph, whose premature desires
Torment her bosom with unholy fires,
No net to snare her willing heart is spread,
She would have fallen, tho' she ne'er had read.
For me, I fain would please the chosen few,
Whose souls, to feeling, and to nature true,
Will spare the childish verse, and not destroy
The light effusions of a heedless boy.
I seek not glory from the senseless crowd,
Of fancied laurels, I shall ne'er be proud;
Their warmest plaudits I would scarcely prize,
Their sneers, or censures, I alike despise.

GRANTA, A MEDLEY.

Αργυρεαις λογχαισι μαχη και παντα Κρατησαις.

OH! could Le SAGE's * demon's gift,
Be realiz'd at my desire;
This night my trembling form he'd lift,
To place it on St. Mary's spire.

2.

Then would, unroof'd, old Granta's halls
Pedantic inmates full display;
Fellows, who dream on lawn, or stalls,
The price of venal votes to pay.

* The Diable Boiteux of LE SAGE, where Asmodeus, the Demon, places Don Cleofas on an elevated situation, and unroofs the houses for his inspection.

3.

Then would I view each rival wight,
P---tty and P---lm---s---n survey;
Who canvass there, with all their might,
Against the next elective day.

4.

Lo! candidates and voters lie,
All lull'd in sleep, a goodly number!
A race renown'd for piety,
Whose conscience wont disturb their slumber.

5.

Lord H—— indeed, may not demur,
Fellows are sage, reflecting, men;
They know preferment can occur,
But very seldom, now and then.

6.

They know, the Chancellor has got
Some pretty livings, in disposal;
Each hopes, that one may be his lot,
And, therefore, smiles on his proposal.

7.

Now, from the soporific scene,
  I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later,
To view, unheeded, and unseen,
  The studious sons of Alma Mater.

8.

There, in apartments small and damp
  The candidate for college prizes,
Sits poring by the midnight lamp,
  Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

9.

He surely well deserves to gain them,
  With all the honours of his college,
Who, striving hardly to obtain them,
  Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge.

10.

Who sacrifices hours of rest,
  To scan precisely metres Attic;
Or agitates his anxious breast,
  In solving problems mathematic.

11.

Who reads false quantities in Sele, *
Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;
Depriv'd of many a wholesome meal,
In barbarous latin, † doom'd to wrangle.

12.

Renouncing every pleasing page,
From authors of historic use;
Preferring to the lettered sage,
The square of the hypothenuse. ‡

13.

Still harmless are these occupations,
That hurt none but the hapless student,

* Sele's publication on Greek metres, displays considerable talent and ingenuity, but, as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy.

† The Latin of the schools is of the CANINE SPECIES and not very intelligible.

‡ The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the Hypothenuse, is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right angled triangle.

Compar'd with other recreations,
  Which bring together the imprudent.

14.

Whose daring revels shock the sight,
  When vice and infamy combine;
When drunkenness and dice unite,
  As every sense is steep'd in wine.

15.

Not so, the methodistic crew,
  Who plans of reformation lay;
In humble attitude they sue,
  And for the sins of others pray.

16.

Forgetting that their pride of spirit,
  Their exultation in their trial;
Detracts, most largely, from the merit
  Of all their boasted self-denial.

17.

'Tis morn,—from these I turn my sight,
  What scene is this, which meets the eye?

A numerous crowd, array'd in white, *
Across the green in numbers fly.

18.

Loud rings, in air, the chapel bell;
'Tis hush'd; What sounds are these I hear?
The organ's soft celestial swell,
Rolls deeply on the listening ear.

19.

To this is join'd the sacred song,
The royal minstrel's hallowed strain;
Though he, who hears the music long,
Will never wish to hear again.

20.

Our choir would scarcely be excus'd,
Even as a band of raw beginners;
All mercy, now, must be refus'd
To such a set of croaking sinners.

---

* On a Saint Day, the Students wear surplices, in Chapel.

21.

If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us, his psalms had ne'er descended,
In furious mood, he would have tore'em.

22.

The luckless Israelites, when taken,
By some inhuman tyrant's order,
Were ask'd to sing, by joy forsaken,
On Babylonian river's border.

23.

Oh! had they sung in notes like these,
Inspir'd by stratagem, or fear;
They might have set their hearts at ease,
The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.

24.

But, if I scribble longer now,
The deuce a soul will stay to read;
My pen is blunt, my ink is low,
'Tis almost time to stop, indeed.

25.

Therefore, farewell, old GRANTA'S spires,
No more, like Cleofas, I fly,
No more thy theme my muse inspires,
The reader's tir'd and so am I.

1806.

LACHIN Y. GAIR.

Lachin y. gair, or as it is pronounced in the Erse, Loch na Garr, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern Tourists mentions it as the highest mountain perhaps in Great Britain; be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime, and picturesque, amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows; near Lachin y. Gair, I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which, has given birth to the following Stanzas.----

AWAY, ye gay landscapes! ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the Rocks, where the snow-flake reposes,
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yet, Caledonia! belov'd are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war,
Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh, for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

2.

Ah! there my young footsteps, in infancy, wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;*
On chieftains, long perish'd, my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine-cover'd glade;
I sought not my home, till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For Fancy was cheer'd, by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

3.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
"Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale:
Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds, there, encircle the forms of my Fathers,
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

* This word is erroneously pronounced PLAD, the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shewn by the Orthography.

4.

"Ill starred,* though brave, did no visions foreboding,
"Tell you that Fate had forsaken your cause?"
Ah! were you destin'd to die at Culloden,†
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause,
Still were you happy, in death's earthy slumber,
You rest with your clan, in the caves of Braemar,‡
The Pibroch‖ resounds, to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds, on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

---

* I allude here to my maternal ancestors, the "GORDONS," many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the STEWARTS. George, the 2d. Earl of Huntley, married the Princess Annabella Stewart, daughter of James the 1st of Scotland, by her he left four sons; the 3d. Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.

† Whether any perished in the Battle of Culloden, I am not certain; but as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, "pars pro toto."

‡ A Tract of the Highlands so called; there is also a Castle of Braemar.

‖ The Bagpipe.

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
  Years must elapse, e'er I tread you again;
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
  Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain:
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic,
  To one, who has rov'd on the mountains afar;
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
  The steep, frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr.

TO ROMANCE.

PARENT of golden dreams, Romance,
Auspicious Queen! of childish joys,
Who lead'st along in airy dance,
Thy votive train of girls and boys;
At length, in spells no longer bound,
I break the fetters of my youth,
No more I tread thy mystic round,
But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

2.

And, yet, 'tis hard to quit the dreams,
Which haunt the unsuspicious soul,
Where every nymph a goddess seems,
Whose eyes through rays immortal roll;
While Fancy holds her boundless reign,
And all assume a varied hue,
When Virgins seem no longer vain,
And even Woman's smiles are true.

3.

And must we own thee, but a name,
  And from thy hall of clouds descend?
Nor find a Sylph in every dame,
  A Pylades * in every friend;
But leave, at once, thy realms of air,
  To mingling bands of fairy elves;
Confess that Woman's false as fair,
  And friends have feeling for——themselves.

4.

With shame, I own, I've felt thy sway,
  Repentant, now thy reign is o'er,
No more thy precepts I obey,
  No more on fancied pinions soar;

* It is hardly necessary to add, that Pylades was the companion of Orestes, and a partner in one of those friendships, which with those of Achilles and Patroclus, Nisus and Euryalus, Damon and Pythias, have been handed down to posterity, as remarkable instances of attachments, which in all probability never existed, beyond the imagination of the Poet, the page of an ancient historian, or a modern novelist.

Fond fool! to love a sparkling eye,
  And think, that eye to Truth was dear,
To trust a passing wanton's sigh,
  And melt beneath a wanton's tear.

5.

Romance! disgusted with deceit,
  Far from thy motley court I fly,
Where Affectation holds her seat,
  And sickly Sensibility;
Whose silly tears can never flow,
  For any pangs excepting thine,
Who turns aside from real woe,
  To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

6.

Now join with sable Sympathy,
  With cypress crown'd, array'd in weeds,
Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,
  Whose breast for every bosom bleeds;
And call thy sylvan female quire,
  To mourn a swain forever gone,

Who once could glow with equal fire,
  But bends not now before thy throne.

7.

Ye genial nymphs! whose ready tears,
  On all occasions swiftly flow,
Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
  With fancied flames and phrenzy glow;
Say, will you mourn my absent name,
  Apostate from your gentle train?
An infant Bard at least may claim,
  From you a sympathetic strain.

8.

Adieu, fond race, a long adieu,
  The hour of fate is hov'ring nigh,
Even now the gulph appears in view,
  Where unlamented you must lie;
Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
  Convuls'd by gales you cannot weather,
Where you, and eke your gentle queen,
  Alas! must perish altogether.

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.*

It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll before me, with all their deeds. OSSIAN.

NEWSTEAD! fast falling, once resplendent dome!
Religion's shrine! repentant HENRY's † pride!
Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloister'd tomb;
Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide,

Hail! to thy pile! more honour'd in thy fall,
Than modern mansions, in their pillar'd state;
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

* As one poem, on this subject, is printed in the beginning, the author had, originally, no intention of inserting the following; it is now added, at the particular request of some friends.

† HENRY II. founded Newstead, soon after the murder of THOMAS A BECKET.

No mail-clad Serfs,* obedient to their Lord,
  In grim array, the crimson cross † demand;
Or gay assemble round the festive board,
  Their chief's retainers, an immortal band.

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye
  Retrace their progress, through the lapse of time;
Marking each ardent youth, ordain'd to die,
  A votive pilgrim, in Judea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile! departs the Chief,
  His feudal realm in other regions lay;
In thee, the wounded conscience courts relief,
  Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes, in thy gloomy cells and shades profound,
  The Monk abjur'd a world, he ne'er could view;
Or blood-stained Guilt, repenting solace found,
  Or Innocence, from stern Oppression, flew.

---

* This word is used by WALTER SCOTT, in his poem, "The Wild Huntsman:" synonimous with Vassal.

† The Red Cross was the badge of the Crusaders.

A Monarch bade thee, from that wild arise,
  Where Sherwood's outlaws, once, were wont to prowl;
And Superstition's crimes of various dyes,
  Sought shelter in the Priest's protecting cowl.

Where, now, the grass exhales a murky dew,
  The humid pall of life-extinguish'd clay;
In sainted fame, the sacred fathers grew,
  Nor raised their pious voices but to pray.

Where, now, the bats their wavering wings extend,
  Soon as the Gloaming * spreads her waning shade;
The choir did, oft, their mingling vespers blend,
  Or matin orisons to Mary † paid.

Years roll on years; to ages, ages yield;
  Abbots to Abbots, in a line succeed;
Religion's charter, their protecting shield,
  Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

---

* As "Gloaming," the Scottish word for Twilight, is far more poetical, and has been recommended by many eminent literary men, particularly Dr. Moore, in his Letters to Burns, I have ventured to use it on account of its harmony.

† The Priory was dedicated to the Virgin.

One holy HENRY,* rear'd the gothic walls,
  And bids the pious inmates rest in peace;
Another HENRY the kind gift recalls,
  And bids devotion's hallow'd echoes cease.

Vain is each threat, or supplicating prayer,
  He drives them, exiles, from their blest abode;
To roam a dreary world, in deep despair,
  No friend, no home, no refuge, but their God.

Hark! how the hall, resounding to the strain,
  Shakes with the martial music's novel din!
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
  High crested banners, wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels, the distant hum,
  The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnish'd arms,
The braying trumpet, and the hoarser drum,
  Unite in concert, with increas'd alarms.

---

* At the dissolution of the Monasteries, HENRY VIII. bestowed Newstead Abbey on Sir John Byron.

An abbey once, a regal fortress * now,
  Encircled by insulting rebel powers;
Wars dread machines o'erhang thy threat'ning brow,
  And dart destruction, in sulphureous showers.

Ah! vain defence! the hostile traitor's siege,
  Though oft repuls'd, by guile o'ercomes the brave;
His thronging foes oppress the faithful Liege,
  Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him wave.

Not unaveng'd, the raging Baron yields,
  The blood of traitors smears the purple plain;
Unconquer'd, still, his faulchion there he wields,
  And days of glory, yet, for him remain.

Still, in that hour, the warrior wish'd to strew,
  Self-gather'd laurels, on a self-sought grave;
But Charles' protecting genius hither flew,
  The monarch's friend, the monarch's hope, to save.

---

* Newstead sustained a considerable siege, in the war between Charles I. and his Parliament.

Trembling she snatch'd him * from the unequal strife,
In other fields, the torrent to repel;
For nobler combats, here, reserv'd his life,
To lead the band, where godlike FALKLAND † fell.

From thee, poor pile! to lawless plunder given,
While dying groans, their painful requiem sound,
Far different incense, now, ascends to heaven,
Such victims wallow on the gory ground.

There, many a pale and ruthless Robber's corse,
Noisome and ghast, defiles thy sacred sod;
O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd with horse,
Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers trod.

---

* Lord Byron, and his brother, Sir William, held high Commands in the Royal Army; the former was General in Chief, in Ireland, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Governor to James, Duke of York: afterwards, the unhappy James II. The latter had a principal share in many Actions. Vide, Clarendon, Hume, &c.

† Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished man of his age, was killed, at the Battle of Newbery, charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's Regiment of Cavalry.

Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds o'erspread,
  Ransack'd, resign, perforce, their mortal mould ;
From ruffian fangs, escape not e'en the dead,
  Rak'd from repose, in search for buried gold.

Hush'd is the harp, unstrung the warlike lyre,
  The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in death ;
No more he strikes the quivering chords with fire,
  Or sings the glories of the martial wreath.

At length the sated murderers, gorged with prey,
  Retire, the clamour of the fight is o'er ;
Silence, again, resumes her awful sway,
  And sable Horror guards the massy door.

Here, Desolation holds her dreary court,
  What satellites declare her dismal reign !
Shrieking their dirge, ill omen'd birds resort,
  To flit their vigils, in the hoary fane.

Soon, a new Morn's restoring beams dispel
  The clouds of Anarchy from Britain's skies ;

The fierce Usurper seeks his native hell,
And Nature triumphs, as the Tyrant dies.

With storms she welcomes his expiring groans,
Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his labouring breath:
Earth shudders, as her caves receive his bones,
Loathing * the offering of so dark a death.

The legal Ruler,† now, resumes the helm,
He guides thro' gentle seas, the prow of state;
Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the peaceful realm,
And heals the bleeding wounds of wearied Hate.

The gloomy tenants, Newstead! of thy cells,
Howling, resign their violated nest;

* This is an historical fact; a violent tempest occurred immediately subsequent to the death, or interment of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his Partizans, and the Cavaliers; both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition, but whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave to the Casuists of that age to decide; I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.

† Charles II.

Again, the Master on his tenure dwells,
  Enjoy'd, from absence, with enraptur'd zest.

Vassals, within thy hospitable pale,
  Loudly carousing bless their Lord's return;
Culture, again, adorns the gladdening vale,
  And matrons, once lamenting, cease to mourn.

A thousand songs, on tunefnl echo, float,
  Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the trees;
And, hark! the horns proclaim a mellow note,
  The hunter's cry hangs lengthening on the breeze.

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the valleys shake,
  What fears! what anxious hopes! attend the chace!
The dying stag seeks refuge in the lake,
  Exulting shouts announce the finish'd race.

Ah! happy days! too happy to endure!
  Such simple sports, our plain forefathers knew;
No splendid vices glitter'd to allure,
  Their joys were many, as their cares were few.

From these descending, Sons to Sires succeed,
  Time steals along, and Death uprears his dart;
Another Chief impels the foaming steed,
  Another Crowd pursue the panting hart.

Newstead! what saddening change of scene is thine!
  Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay;
The last and youngest of a noble line,
  Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy grey worn towers;
  Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep;
Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers;
  These, these he views, and views them but to weep.

Yet are his tears, no emblems of regret,
  Cherish'd affection only bids them flow;
Pride, Hope, and Love, forbid him to forget,
  But warm his bosom, with empassion'd glow.

Yet, he prefers thee, to the gilded domes,
  Or gewgaw grottos, of the vainly great;

Yet, lingers mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
  Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of fate.

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet, may shine,
  Thee to irradiate, with meridian ray;
Fortune may smile, upon a future line,
  And heaven restore an ever cloudless day.

CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS.

I cannot but remember such things were,
And were most dear to me. MACBETH.

WHEN slow Disease with all her host of Pains,
Chills the warm tide, which flows along the veins;
When Health affrighted spreads her rosy wing,
And flies with every changing gale of spring;
Not to the aching frame alone confin'd,
Unyielding pangs assail the drooping mind:
What grisly forms, the spectre train of woe!
Bid shuddering Nature shrink beneath the blow,
With Resignation wage relentless strife,
While Hope retires appall'd, and clings to life.
Yet less the pang, when, through the tedious hour,
Remembrance sheds around her genial power,
Calls back the vanish'd days to rapture given,
When Love was bliss, and Beauty form'd our heaven;

Or dear to youth, pourtrays each childish scene,
Those fairy bowers, where all in turn have been,
As when, through clouds that pour the summer storm,
The orb of day unveils his distant form,
Gilds with faint beams the chrystal dews of rain,
And dimly twinkles o'er the watery plain; 20
Thus, while the future dark and cheerless gleams,
The Sun of Memory, glowing through my dreams,
Though sunk the radiance of his former blaze,
To scenes far distant points his paler rays,
Still rules my senses with unbounded sway,
The past confounding with the present day.

Oft does my heart indulge the rising thought,
Which still recurs, unlook'd for, and unsought;
My soul to Fancy's fond suggestion yields,
And roams romantic o'er her airy fields;
Scenes of my youth, develop'd, croud to view,
To which I long have bade a last adieu!
Seats of delight, inspiring youthful themes;
Friends lost to me, for aye, except in dreams;
Some, who in marble prematurely sleep,
Whose forms I now remember, but to weep;

Some, who yet urge the same scholastic course
Of early science, future fame the source:
Who, still contending in the studious race,
In quick rotation, fill the senior place! 40
These, with a thousand visions, now unite;
To dazzle, though they please, my aching sight.

Ida! blest spot, where Science holds her reign,
How joyous, once, I join'd thy youthful train;
Bright, in idea, gleams thy lofty spire,
Again, I mingle with thy playful quire;
Our tricks of mischief, every childish game,
Unchang'd by time or distance, seem the same;
Through winding paths, along the glade I trace,
The social smile of ev'ry welcome face,
My wonted haunts, my scenes of joy or woe,
Each early boyish friend, or youthful foe,
Our feuds dissolv'd, but not my friendship past,
I bless the former, and forgive the last.
Hours of my youth, when nurtur'd in my breast,
To Love a stranger, Friendship made me blest;
Friendship, the dear peculiar bond of youth,
When every artless bosom throbs with truth:

Untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign,
And check each impulse with prudential rein; 60
When, all we feel, our honest souls disclose,
In love to friends, in open hate to foes;
No varnish'd tales the lips of youth repeat,
No dear bought knowledge purchas'd by deceit;
Hypocrisy, the gift of lengthen'd years,
Matur'd by age, the garb of Prudence wears;
When, now, the Boy is ripen'd into Man,
His careful Sire chalks forth some wary plan;
Instructs his Son from Candour's path to shrink,
Smoothly to speak, and cautiously to think;
Still to assent, and never to deny,
A patron's praise can well reward the lie;
And who, when Fortune's warning voice is heard,
Would lose his opening prospects for a word?
Although, against that word, his heart rebel,
And Truth, indignant, all his bosom swell.

Away with themes like this, not mine the task,
From flattering fiends to tear the hateful mask;
Let keener bards delight in Satire's sting,
My Fancy soars not on Detraction's wing; 80

Once, and but once, she aim'd a deadly blow,
To hurl Defiance on a secret Foe;
But, when that Foe, from feeling or from shame,
The cause unknown, yet still to me the same,
Warn'd by some friendly hint, perchance, retir'd,
With this submission, all her rage expir'd.
From dreaded pangs that feeble Foe to save,
She hush'd her young resentment, and forgave:
Or, if my Muse a Pedant's portrait drew,
Pomposus' virtues are but known to few;
I never fear'd the young usurper's nod,
And he who wields, must, sometimes, feel the rod.
If since, on Granta's failings, known to all,
Who share the converse of a college hall,
She sometimes trifled in a lighter strain,
'Tis past, and thus she will not sin again.
Soon must her early song forever cease,
And, all may rail, when I shall rest in peace.

Here, first remember'd be the joyous band,
Who hail'd me chief, obedient to command; 100
Who join'd with me, in every boyish sport,
Their first adviser, and their last resort.

Nor shrunk before the upstart pedant's frown,
Or all the sable glories of his gown;
Who, thus transplanted from his father's school,
Unfit to govern, ignorant of rule,
Succeeded him, whom all unite to praise,
The dear preceptor of my early days;
Probus,* the pride of science, and the boast,
To IDA, now, alas! for ever lost.
With him, for years, we search'd the classic page,
And fear'd the Master, though we lov'd the Sage;
Retir'd at last, his small, yet peaceful seat,
From learning's labour is the blest retreat.
Pomposus fills his magisterial chair;
Pomposus governs,—but my Muse forbear:

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* This most able, and excellent man retired from his situation in March 1805, after having resided 35 years at H.---the last 20 as Head Master; an office he held with equal honour to himself, and advantage to the very extensive School, over which he presided; panegyric would here be superfluous, it would be useless to enumerate qualifications which were never doubted; a considerable contest took place between 3 rival candidates for his vacant Chair, of this I can only say

" Si mea, cum vestris valuissent Vota, Pelasgi!
" Nor foret ambiguus tanti certaminis Hæres.

Contempt, in silence, be the pedant's lot,
His name and precepts be alike forgot;
No more his mention shall my verse degrade,
To him my tribute is already paid. * 120

High, thro' those elms with hoary branches crown'd,
Fair IDA's bower adorns the landscape round;
There Science from her favour'd seat surveys
The vale, where rural Nature claims her praise;
To her awhile resigns her youthful train,
Who move in joy, and dance along the plain,
In scatter'd groupes each favoured haunt pursue,
Repeat old pastimes, and discover new;

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* This alludes to a Character printed in a former private edition for the perusal of some friends, which with many other pieces is withheld from the present volume; to draw the attention of the public to insignificance would be deservedly reprobated, and another reason, though not of equal consequence, may be given in the following couplet:---

"Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
"Who breaks a Butterfly upon the wheel?

Prologue to the Satires.

POPE.

Flush'd with his rays, beneath the noon-tide Sun,
In rival bands, between the wickets run,
Drive o'er the sward the ball with active force,
Or chase with nimble feet its rapid course.
But these with slower steps direct their way,
Where Brent's cool waves in limpid currents stray;
While yonder few search out some green retreat,
And arbours shade them from the summer heat:
Others, again, a pert, and lively crew,
Some rough, and thoughtless stranger plac'd in view,
With frolick quaint, their antic jests expose
And tease the grumbling rustic as he goes; 110
Nor rest with this, but many a passing fray,
Tradition treasures for a future day;
" 'Twas here the gather'd swains for vengeance fought,
" And here we earn'd the conquest dearly bought,
" Here have we fled before superior might,
" And here renew'd the wild tumultuous fight."
While thus our souls with early passions swell,
In lingering tones resounds the distant bell;
Th' allotted hour of daily sport is o'er,
And Learning beckons from her temple's door.

No splendid tablets grace her simple hall,
But ruder records fill the dusky wall;
There, deeply carv'd, behold! each Tyro's name
Secures its owner's academic fame;
Here, mingling view the names of Sire and Son,
The one long grav'd, the other just begun,
These shall survive alike when Son and Sire,
Beneath one common stroke of fate expire,
Perhaps, their last memorial these alone,
Denied, in Death, a monumental stone, 160
Whilst to the gale, in mournful cadence wave,
The sighing weeds, that hide their nameless grave.
And, here, my name and many an early friend's
Along the wall in lengthened line extends,
Though, still, our deeds amuse the youthful race,
Who tread our steps, and fill our former place,
Who young obeyed their lords in silent awe,
Whose nod commanded, and whose voice was law:
And now, in turn, possess the reins of power,
To rule the little Tyrants of an hour;
Though sometimes, with the Tales of ancient day,
They pass the dreary Winter's eve away:

" And, thus, our former rulers stemm'd the tide,
" And, thus, they dealt the combat, side by side;
" Just in this place, the mouldering walls they scaled,
" Nor bolts, nor bars, against their strength availed;
" Here, Probus came, the rising fray to quell,
" And, here, he faultered forth his last farewell,
" And, here, one night, abroad they dared to roam,
" While bold Pomposus bravely staid at home." 180
While thus they speak, the hour must soon arrive,
When names of these, like ours, alone survive;
Yet a few years, one general wreck will whelm
The faint remembrance of our fairy realm.

Dear honest race, though now we meet no more,
One last, long look on what we were before;
Our first kind greetings, and our last adieu!
Drew tears from eyes unus'd to weep with you;
Through splendid circles, Fashion's gaudy world,
Where Folly's glaring standard waves unfurl'd,
I plung'd to drown in noise my fond regret,
And all I sought or hop'd, was to forget:
Vain wish! if, chance, some well remember'd face,
Some old companion of my early race,

Advanc'd to claim his friend with honest joy,
My eyes, my heart proclaim'd me still a boy;
The glittering scene, the fluttering groupes around,
Were quite forgotten, when my friend was found;
The smiles of Beauty, (for, alas! I've known
What 'tis to bend before Love's mighty throne;) 200
The smiles of Beauty, though those smiles were dear,
Could hardly charm me, when that friend was near;
My thoughts bewilder'd in the fond surprise,
The woods of Ida danc'd before my eyes;
I saw the sprightly wand'rers pour along,
I saw, and join'd again the joyous throng;
Panting again, I trac'd her lofty grove,
And Friendship's feelings triumph'd over Love.

Yet, why should I alone with such delight,
Retrace the circuit of my former flight?
Is there no cause beyond the common claim,
Endear'd to all in childhood's very name?
Ah! sure some stronger impulse vibrates here,
Which whispers friendship will be doubly dear
To one, who thus for kindred hearts must roam,
And seek abroad, the love denied at home:

Those hearts, dear Ida, have I found in thee,
A home, a world, a paradise to me.
Stern Death, forbade my orphan youth to share,
The tender guidance of a Father's care; 220
Can Rank, or ev'n a Guardian's name supply,
The Love, which glistens in a Father's eye?
For this, can Wealth, or Title's sound atone,
Made, by a Parent's early loss, my own?
What Brother springs a Brother's love to seek?
What Sister's gentle kiss has prest my cheek?
For me, how dull the vacant moments rise,
To no fond bosom link'd by kindred ties;
Oft, in the progress of some fleeting dream,
Fraternal smiles, collected round me seem,
While still the visions to my heart are prest,
The voice of Love will murmur in my rest;
I hear, I wake, and in the sound rejoice,
I hear again,—but ah! no Brother's voice.
A Hermit, midst of crowds, I fain must stray
Alone, though thousand pilgrims fill the way;
While these a thousand kindred wreaths entwine,
I cannot call one single blossom mine:

What then remains? in solitude to groan,
To mix in friendship, or to sigh alone? 240
Thus, must I cling to some endearing hand,
And none more dear, than Ida's social band.

Alonzo! best and dearest of my friends,
Thy name ennobles him, who thus commends;
From this fond tribute, thou can'st gain no praise,
The praise is his, who now that tribute pays.
Oh! in the promise of thy early youth,
If hope anticipate the words of truth;
Some loftier bard shall sing thy glorious name,
To build his own, upon thy deathless fame.
Friend of my heart, and foremost of the list
Of those, with whom I liv'd supremely blest;
Oft have we drain'd the font of antient lore,
Though, drinking deeply, thirsting still the more.
Yet, when confinement's lingering hour was done,
Our sports, our studies, and our souls were one;
Together we impell'd the flying ball,
Together waited in our tutor's hall;
Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,
Or shar'd the produce of the river's spoil; 260

Or, plunging from the green, declining shore,
Our pliant limbs the buoyant waters bore;
In every element, unchang'd, the same,
All, all, that brothers should be, but the name

Nor, yet, are you forgot, my jocund Boy!
Davus, the harbinger of childish joy;
For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,
The laughing herald of the harmless pun;
Yet, with a breast, of such materials made,
Anxious to please, of pleasing half afraid;
Candid and liberal, with a heart of steel
In danger's path, though not untaught to feel.
Still, I remember, in the factious strife,
The rustic's musket aim'd against my life;
High pois'd in air, the massy weapon hung,
A cry of horror burst from every tongue;
Whilst I, in combat with another foe,
Fought on, unconscious of th' impending blow;
Your arm, brave Boy, arrested his career,
Forward you sprung, insensible to fear; 280

Disarm'd, and baffled, by your conquering hand,
The groveling Savage roll'd upon the sand;
An act, like this, can simple thanks repay?
Or all the labours of a grateful lay?
Oh! no! whene'er my breast forgets the deed,
That instant, DAVUS, it deserves to bleed.

LYCUS! on me, thy claims are justly great,
Thy milder virtues could my Muse relate,
To thee, alone, unrivall'd, would belong,
The feeble efforts of my lengthen'd song.
Well canst thou boast, to lead in senates fit,
A Spartan firmness, with Athenian wit;
Tho' yet, in embryo, these perfections shine,
LYCUS! thy father's fame, will soon be thine.
Where Learning nurtures the superior mind,
What may we hope, from genius thus refin'd!
When Time, at length, matures thy growing years,
How wilt thou tower, above thy fellow peers!
Prudence and sense, a spirit bold and free,
With honour's soul, united, beam in thee. 300

Shall fair EURYALUS, pass by unsung?
From ancient lineage, not unworthy, sprung:

What, though one sad dissention bade us part,
That name is yet embalm'd, within my heart;
Yet, at the mention, does that heart rebound,
And palpitate, responsive to the sound:
Envy dissolv'd our ties, and not our will,
We once were friends,—I'll think, we are so still.
A form unmatch'd, in Nature's partial mould,
A heart untainted, we, in thee, behold;
Yet, not the Senate's thunder thou shalt wield,
Nor seek for glory, in the tented field;
To minds of ruder texture, these be given,
Thy soul shall nearer soar its native heaven.
Haply, in polish'd courts, might be thy seat,
But, that thy tongue could never forge deceit;
The courtier's supple bow, and sneering smile,
The flow of compliment, the slippery wile,
Would make that breast, with indignation, burn,
And, all the glittering snares, to tempt thee, spurn. 320
Domestic happiness, will stamp thy fate;
Sacred to love, unclouded e'er by hate;
The world admire thee, and thy friends adore,
Ambition's Slave, alone, would toil for more.

Now last, but nearest, of the social band,
See, honest, open, generous CLEON stand;
With scarce one speck, to cloud the pleasing scene,
No vice degrades that purest soul serene.
On the same day, our studious race begun,
On the same day, our studious race was run;
Thus, side by side, we pass'd our first career,
Thus, side by side, we strove for many a year,
At last, concluded our scholastic life,
We neither conquer'd in the classic strife:
As Speakers, * each supports an equal name,
And crowds allow to both a partial fame;
To soothe a youthful Rival's early pride,
Though Cleon's candour would the palm divide;
Yet Candour's self compels me now to own,
Justice awards it to my Friend alone. 340

Oh! Friends regretted, Scenes for ever dear,
Remembrance hails you, with her warmest tear!

* This alludes to the public speeches, delivered at the school where the author was educated.

Drooping, she bends, o'er pensive Fancy's urn,
To trace the hours, which never can return,
Yet, with the retrospection loves to dwell,
And soothe the sorrows of her last farewell!
Yet, greets the triumph, of my boyish mind,
As infant laurels round my head were twin'd;
When Probus' praise repaid my lyric song,
Or plac'd me higher in the studious throng;
Or, when my first harangue receiv'd applause,
His sage instruction the primœval cause,
What gratitude, to him, my soul possest,
While hope of dawning honours fill'd my breast.
For all my humble fame, to him alone,
The praise is due, who made that fame my own.
Oh! could I soar above these feeble lays,
These young effusions of my early days,
To him my Muse her noblest strain would give,
The song might perish, but the theme must live; 360
Yet, why for him the needless verse essay?
His honour'd name requires no vain display;
By every son of grateful Ida blest,
It finds an echo in each youthful breast;

A fame beyond the glories of the proud,
Or all the plaudits of the venal crowd.

IDA, not yet exhausted is the theme,
Nor clos'd the progress of my youthful dream;
How many a friend deserves the grateful strain!
What scenes of childhood still unsung remain!
Yet let me hush this echo of the past,
This parting song, the dearest and the last;
And brood in secret o'er those hours of joy,
To me a silent, and a sweet employ,
While future hope and fear alike unknown,
I think with pleasure on the past alone;
Yes, to the past alone, my heart confine,
And chase the phantom of what once was mine.

IDA! still o'er thy hills in joy preside,
And proudly steer through time's eventful tide; 380
Still, may thy blooming Sons thy name revere,
Smile in thy bower, but quit thee with a tear;
That tear, perhaps, the fondest which will flow,
O'er their last scene of happiness below:
Tell me, ye hoary few, who glide along,
The feeble Veterans of some former throng;

Whose friends, like Autumn leaves by tempests whirl'd,
Are swept forever from this busy world;
Revolve the fleeting moments of your youth,
While Care as yet withheld her venom'd tooth;
Say, if Remembrance days like these endears,
Beyond the rapture of succeeding years?
Say, can Ambition's fever'd dream bestow
So sweet a balm, to soothe your hours of woe?
Can Treasures, hoarded for some thankless Son,
Can Royal Smiles, or Wreaths by slaughter won,
Can Stars, or Ermine, Man's maturer Toys,
(For glittering baubles are not left to Boys,)
Recall one scene, so much belov'd, to view,
As those, where Youth her garland twin'd for you? 400
Ah, no! amidst the gloomy calm of age,
You turn with faultering hand life's varied page,
Peruse the record, of your days on earth,
Unsullied only, where it marks your birth;
Still, ling'ring, pause above each chequer'd leaf,
And blot with Tears the sable lines of grief;
Where Passion o'er the theme her mantle threw,
Or weeping Virtue sigh'd a faint adieu;

But bless the scroll which fairer words adorn,
Trac'd by the rosy finger of the Morn;
When Friendship bow'd before the shrine of Truth,
And Love,* without his pinion, smil'd on Youth.

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* "L'Amitie est L'Amour sans Ailes," is a French proverb.

THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA,

AN IMITATION OF

MACPHERSON's OSSIAN. *

DEAR are the days of youth! Age dwells on their remembrance through the mist of time. In the twilight he recalls the sunny hours of morn. He lifts his spear with trembling hand. "Not thus feebly did I raise the steel before my fathers!" Past is the race of heroes! but their fame rises on the harp; their souls ride on the wings of the wind! they hear the sound through the sighs of the storm; and re-

* It may be necessary to observe that the story, though considerably varied in the Catastrophe, is taken from "Nisus and Euryalus," of which Episode, a Translation is already given in the present volume.

joice in their hall of clouds! Such is Calmar. The grey stone marks his narrow house. He looks down from eddying tempests; he rolls his form in the whirlwind; and hovers on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the chief. A beam of war to Fingal. His steps in the field were marked in blood; Lochlin's sons had fled before his angry spear! but mild was the eye of Calmar; soft was the flow of his yellow locks; they streamed like the meteor of the night. No maid was the sigh of his soul; his thoughts were given to friendship! to dark-hair'd Orla; destroyer of heroes! Equal were their swords in battle: but fierce was the pride of Orla! gentle alone to Calmar. Together they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the blue waves. Erin's sons fell beneath his might. Fingal roused his chiefs to combat. Their ships cover the ocean! Their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies. But the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. The sons of Lochlin slept: their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the Host of Morven. To watch was the post of Orla. Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs: they stood around. The king was in the midst. Grey were his locks, but strong was the arm of the king. Age withered not his powers. "Sons of Morven" said the hero, "to-morrow we meet the foe; but where is Cuthullin, the shield of Erin? He rests in the halls of Tura; he knows not of our coming. Who will speed through Lochlin to the hero? And call the chief to arms. The path is by the swords of foes, but many are my heroes. They are thunderbolts of war! Speak ye chiefs, Who will arise?"

"Son of Trenmor! mine be the deed," said dark-haired Orla, "and mine alone. What is death to me? I love the sleep of the mighty, but little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek car-borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of

bards; and lay me by the stream of Lubar."—"And shalt thou fall alone?" said fair-haired Calmar. "Wilt thou leave thy friend afar? Chief of Oithona! not feeble is my arm in fight. Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear? No, Orla! ours has been the chase of the roebuck, and the feast of shells; ours be the path of danger; ours has been the cave of Oithona; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar." "Calmar!" said the chief of Oithona, "Why should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin? Let me fall alone. My father dwells in his hall of air: he will rejoice in his boy: but the blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast for her son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let him not say, "Calmar has fallen by the steel of Lochlin! he died with gloomy Orla; the chief of the dark brow." Why should tears dim the azure eye of Mora? Why should her voice curse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar? Live Calmar. Live to raise my stone of moss; live to revenge me in the blood of Lochlin. Join the song of bards above my

grave. Sweet will be the song of Death to Orla, from the voice of Calmar. My ghost shall smile on the notes of Praise." "Orla!" said the son of Mora, "could I raise the song of death, to my friend? Could I give his fame to the winds? No, my heart would speak in sighs; faint and broken are the sounds of sorrow. Orla! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high; the bards will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar."

They quit the circle of the chiefs. Their steps are to the Host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of oak dim-twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the king, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed: they frown in sleep. Their shields beneath their heads. Their swords gleam, at distance, in heaps. The fires are faint; their embers fail in smoke. All is hushed; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the heroes through the slumbering band. Half the journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield,

meets the eye of Orla. It rolls in flame, and glistens through the shade: his spear is raised on high. "Why dost thou bend thy brow, chief of Oithona?" said fair-haired Calmar, "we are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay?" "It is a time for vengeance," said Orla of the gloomy brow. "Mathon of Lochlin sleeps: seest thou his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine; but shall I slay him sleeping, Son of Mora? No: he shall feel his wound; my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber: rise, Mathon, rise! The son of Connal calls, thy life is his; rise to combat." Mathon starts from sleep, but did he rise alone? No: the gathering chiefs bound on the plain. "Fly, Calmar, fly," said dark-hair'd Orla, "Mathon is mine; I shall die in joy, but Lochlin crowds around; fly through the shade of night." Orla turns, the helm of Mathon is cleft; his shield falls from his arm: he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strumon sees him fall: his wrath rises; his weapon glitters on the head of Orla; but a spear

pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of Ocean, on two mighty barks of the North, so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the North, so rise the Chiefs of Morven, on the scattered crests of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes his shield: his sons throng around; the people pour along the heath. Ryno, bounds in joy. Ossian, stalks in his arms. Oscar, shakes the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death! many are the widows of Lochlin. Morven prevails in its strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills: no living foe is seen; but the sleepers are many; grim they lie on Erin. The breeze of ocean lifts their locks; yet they do not awake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Whose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief? bright as the gold of the stranger, they

mngle with the dark hair of his friend. "Tis Calmar, he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is one stream of blood. Fierce is the look of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not; but his eye is still a flame. It glares in death unclosed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's; but Calmar lives! he lives, though low. "Rise," said the king, "rise, Son of Mora; 'Tis mine to heal the wounds of heroes. Calmar may yet bound on the mountains of Morven."

"Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of Morven with Orla," said the hero, "what were the chase to me alone? Who would share the spoils of battle with Calmar? Orla is at rest! rough was thy soul, Orla! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others, in lightning: to me a silver beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood; but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend: raise the song when I am dark."

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four grey stones mark the dwelling of Orla and Calmar.

When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven. The bards raised the song.

"What form rises on the roar of clouds, whose dark ghost gleams on the red stream of tempests? his voice rolls on the thunder; 'tis Orla. The brown chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! thy fame will not perish. Nor thine, Calmar! Lovely wast thou, Son of blue-eyed Mora; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! It dwells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven. Then raise thy fair locks, son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow; and smile through the tears of the storm.

I fear, Laing's late Edition has completely overthrown every hope that Macpherson's Ossian, might prove the Translation of a series of Poems complete in themselves; but, while the Imposture is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults, particularly in some parts, turgid and bombastic diction.---The present humble imitation, will be pardoned by the admirers of the original, as an attempt, however inferior, which evinces an attachment to their favourite Author.

To E. N. L. Esq.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.

Hor. E.

DEAR L——, in this sequester'd scene,
While all around in slumber lie,
The joyous days, which ours have been,
Come rolling fresh on fancy's eye :
Thus, if amidst the gathering storm,
While clouds the darken'd noon deform,
Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,
I hail the sky's celestial bow ;
Which spreads the sign of future peace,
And bids the war of tempests cease.

Ah! though the present brings but pain,
I think those days may come again;
Or if, in melancholy mood,
Some lurking envious fear intrude;
To check my bosom's fondest thought,
  And interrupt the golden dream;
I crush the fiend with malice fraught,
  And still indulge my wonted theme;
Although we ne'er again can trace
  In Granta's vale, the pedant's lore,
Nor through the groves of IDA chase
  Our raptur'd visions as before;
Though Youth has flown on rosy pinion,
And Manhood claims his stern dominion,
Age will not every hope destroy,
But yield some hours of sober joy.

Yes, I will hope that Time's broad wing,
Will shed around some dews of spring;
But if his scythe must sweep the flowers,
Which bloom among the fairy bowers,
Where smiling Youth delights to dwell,
And hearts with early rapture swell;

If frowning Age with cold controul,
Confines the current of the soul,
Congeals the tear of Pity's eye,
Or checks the sympathetic sigh,
Or hears unmoved Misfortune's groan,
And bids me feel for self alone;
Oh! may my bosom never learn,
To soothe its wonted heedless flow,
Still still, despise the censor stern,
But ne'er forget another's woe;
Yes, as you knew me in the days,
O'er which Remembrance yet delays,
Still may I rove untutor'd, wild,
And ev'n in age, at heart a child.

Though, now, on airy visions borne,
To you my soul is still the same,
Oft has it been my fate to mourn,
And all my former joys are tame;
But, hence! ye hours of sable hue,
Your frowns are gone, my sorrow's o'er,
By every bliss my childhood knew,
I'll think upon your shade no more:

Thus when the whirlwind's rage is past,
  And caves their sullen roar enclose;
We heed no more the wint'ry blast,
  When lull'd by zephyr to repose.

Full often has my infant Muse,
  Attun'd to love, her languid lyre,
But, now, without a theme to chuse,
  The strains in stolen sighs expire:
My youthful nymphs, alas! are flown,
  E——is a wife, and C——a mother,
And Carolina sighs alone,
  And Mary's given to another;
And Cora's eye, which roll'd on me,
  Can now no more my love recal,
In truth, dear L——, 'twas time to flee,
  For Cora's eye will shine on all.
And though the Sun with genial rays,
His beams alike to all displays,
And every lady's eye's a *sun*,
These last should be confin'd to one;
The soul's meridian don't become her,
Whose Sun displays a general *summer*.

Thus faint is every former flame,
And Passion's self is now a name;
As when the ebbing flames are low,
  The aid which once improv'd their light,
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,
  Now quenches all their sparks in night;
Thus has it been with Passion's fires,
  As many a boy, and girl, remembers,
While all the force of love expires,
  Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

But, now, dear L——, 'tis midnight's noon,
And clouds obscure the watery moon,
Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,
Describ'd in every stripling's verse;
For why should I the path go o'er,
Which every bard has trod before?
Yet, ere yon silver lamp of night,
  Has thrice perform'd her stated round,
Has thrice retrac'd her path of light,
  And chas'd away the gloom profound,
I trust, that we, my gentle Friend,
Shall see her rolling orbit wend,

Above the dear lov'd peaceful seat,
Which once contain'd our youths' retreat,
And, then, with those our childhood knew,
We'll mingle in the festive crew;
While many a tale of former day,
Shall wing the laughing hours away,
And all the flow of soul shall pour,
The sacred intellectual shower,
Nor cease till Luna's waning horn,
Scarce glimmers through the mist of Morn.

TO——

OH! had my Fate been join'd with thine,
As once this pledge appear'd a token;
These follies had not, then, been mine,
For, then, my peace had not been broken.

2.

To thee, these early faults I owe,
To thee, the wise and old reproving;
They know my sins, but do not know,
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

3.

For, once, my soul like thine was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother;
But, now, thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

4.

Perhaps, his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await him;
Yet, let my Rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake, I cannot hate him.

5.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any;
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

6.

Then, fare thee well, deceitful Maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee:
Nor Hope, nor Memory yield their aid,
But Pride may teach me to forget thee.

7.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures:

These varied loves, these matron's Fears,
  These thoughtless strains to Passion's measures,

8.

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd,
  This cheek now pale from early riot;
With Passions hectic ne'er had flush'd,
  But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

9.

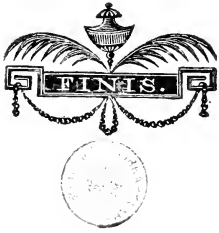
Yes, once the rural Scene was sweet,
  For Nature seem'd to smile before thee;
And once my Breast abhorr'd deceit,
  For then it beat but to adore thee.

10.

But, now, I seek for other joys,
  To think, would drive my soul to madness;
In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,
  I conquer half my Bosom's sadness.

11.

Yet, even in these, a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavour;
And fiends might pity what I feel,
To know, that thou art lost forever.



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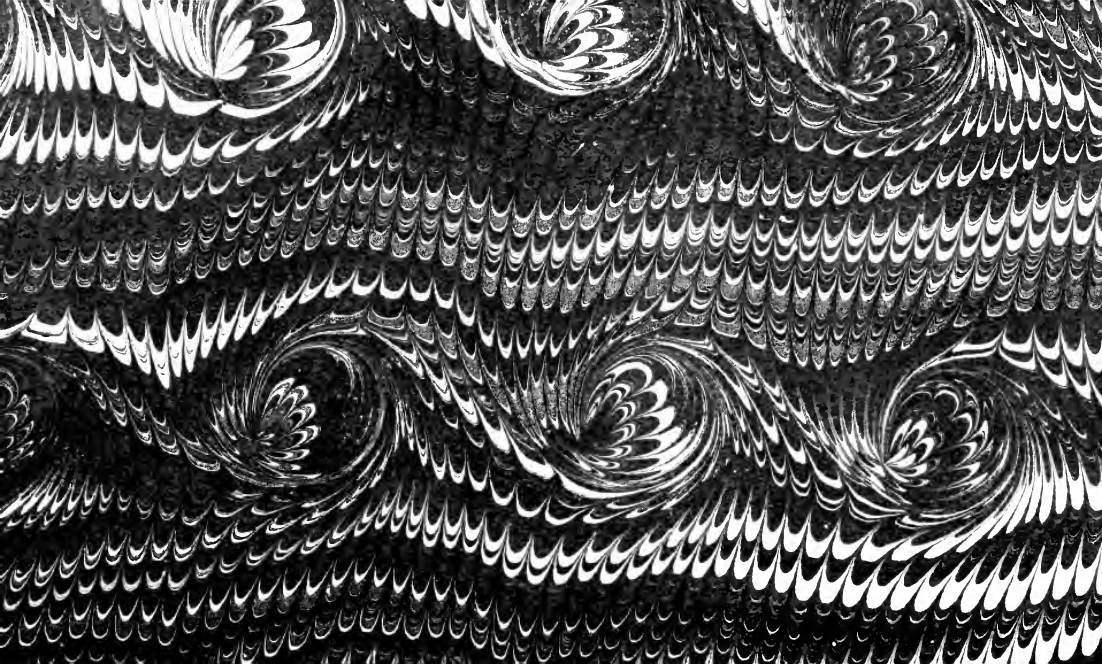
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